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Vol. CXXXIX No. 1814

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OCT. 27 1934

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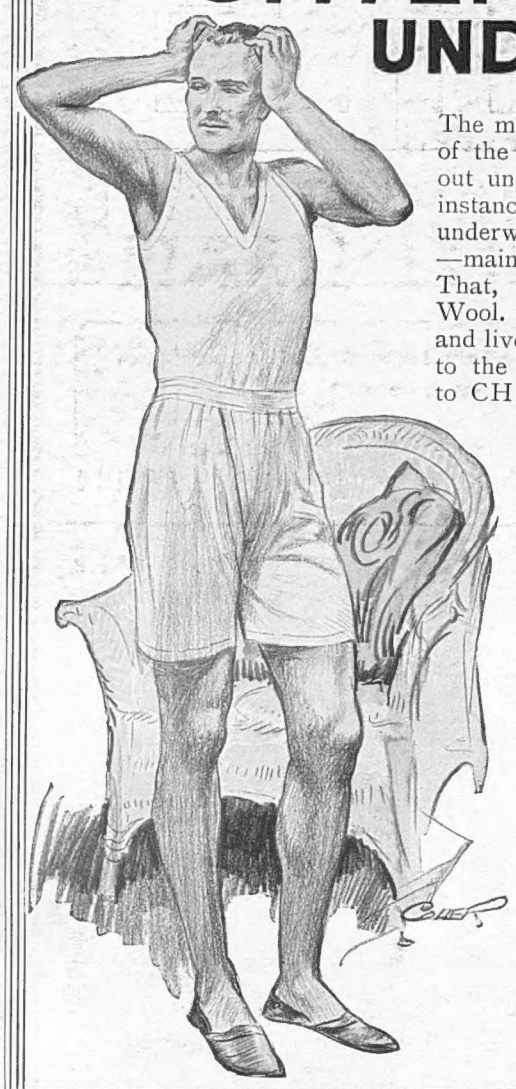

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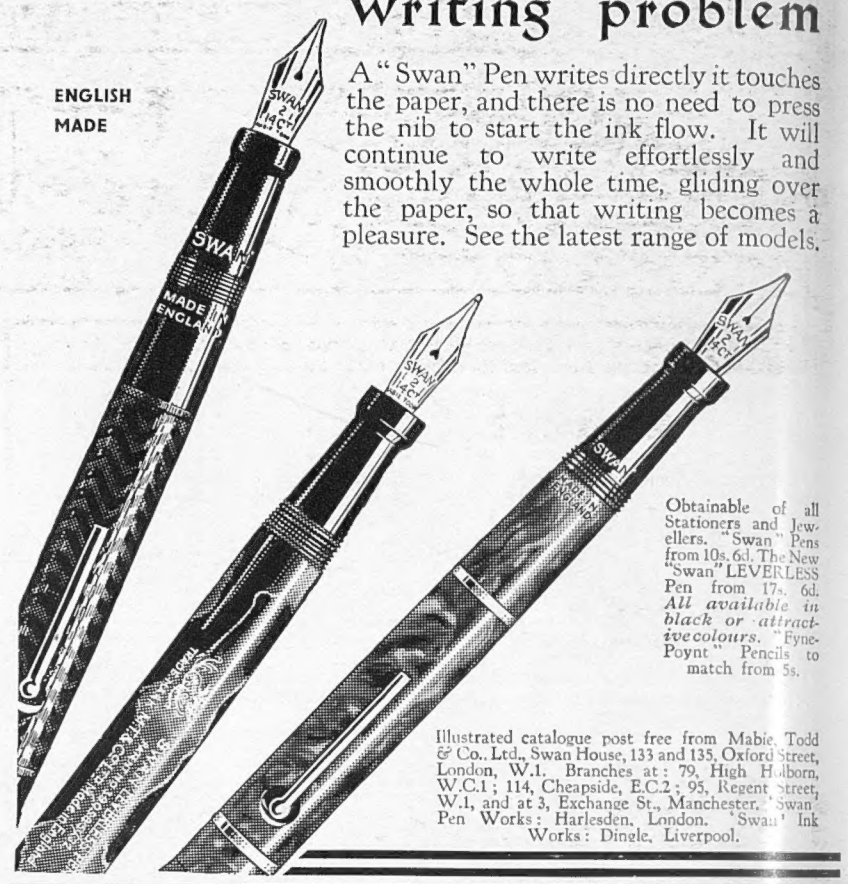

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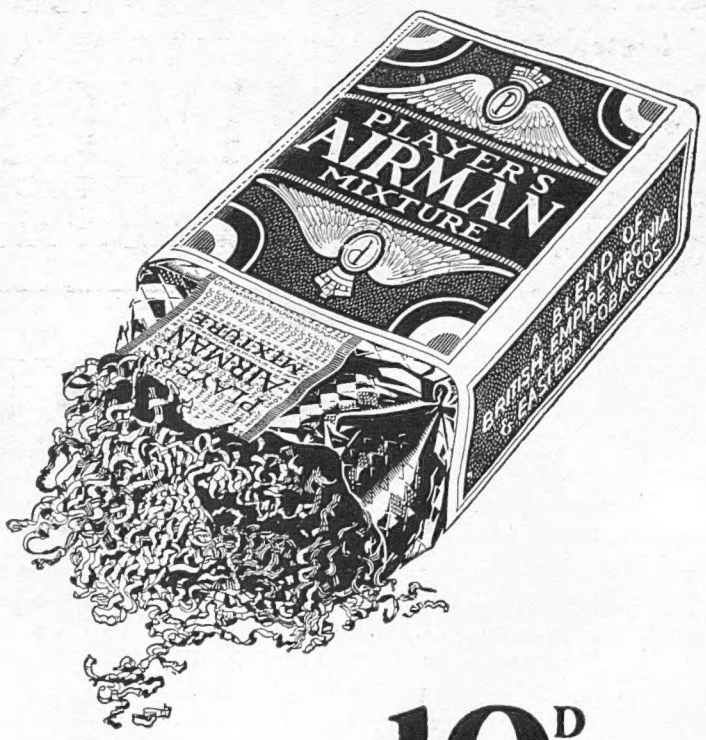

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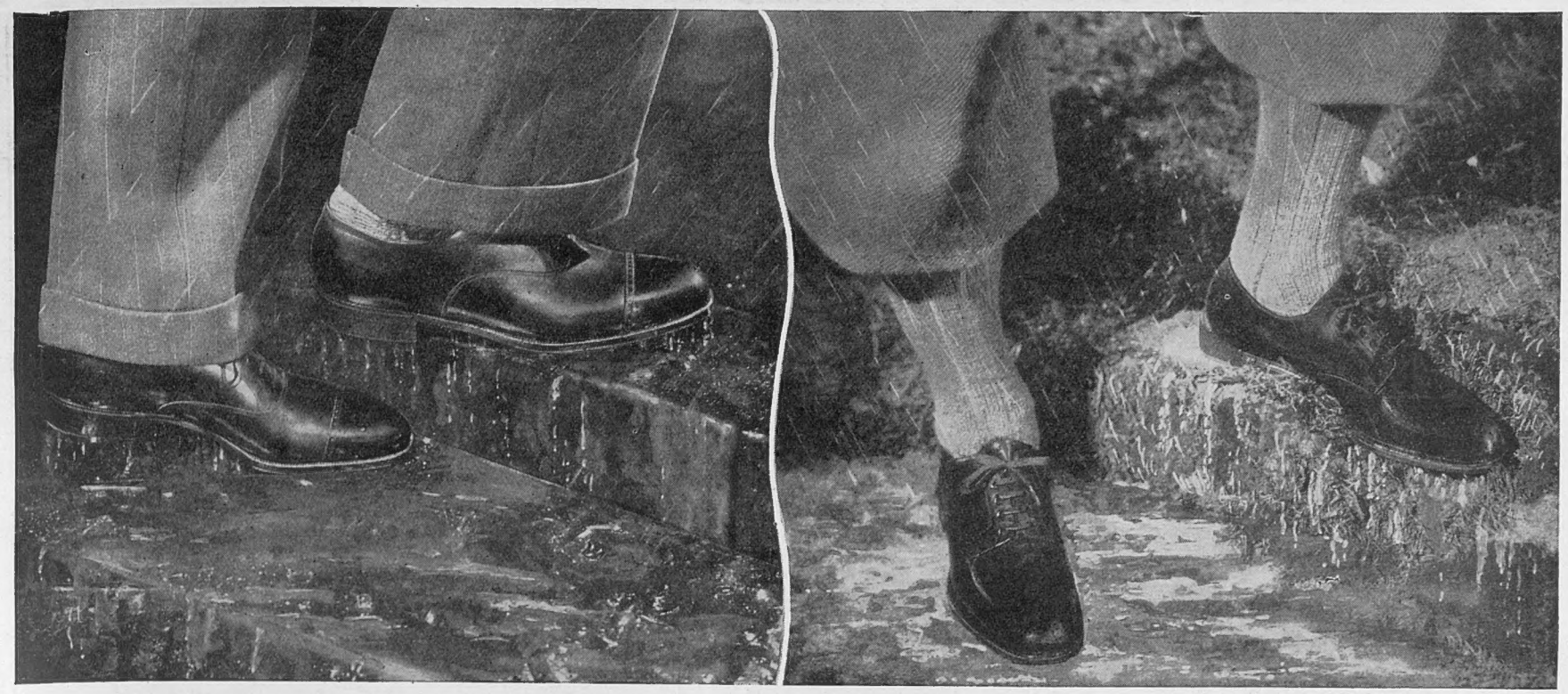

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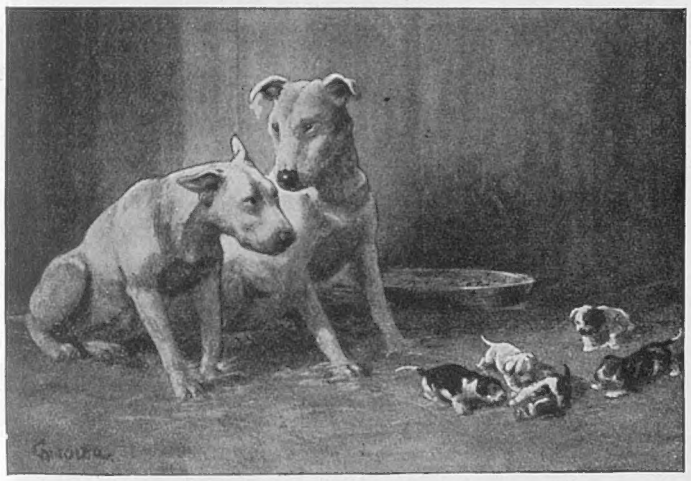

CAESAR'S WIFE—A MATTER OF COLOUR.

By C. AMBLER

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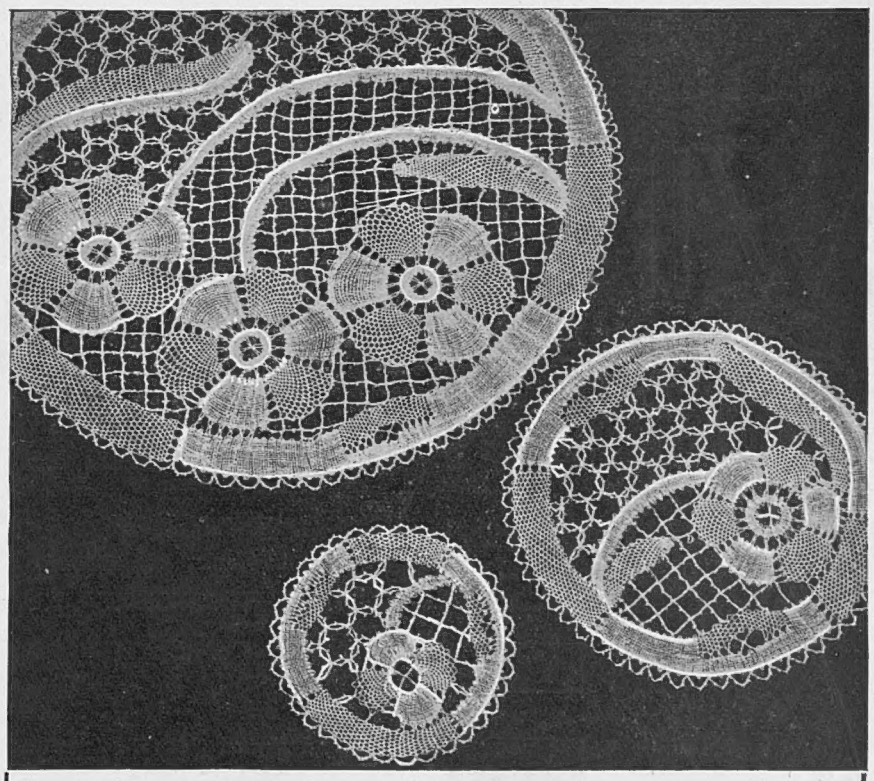

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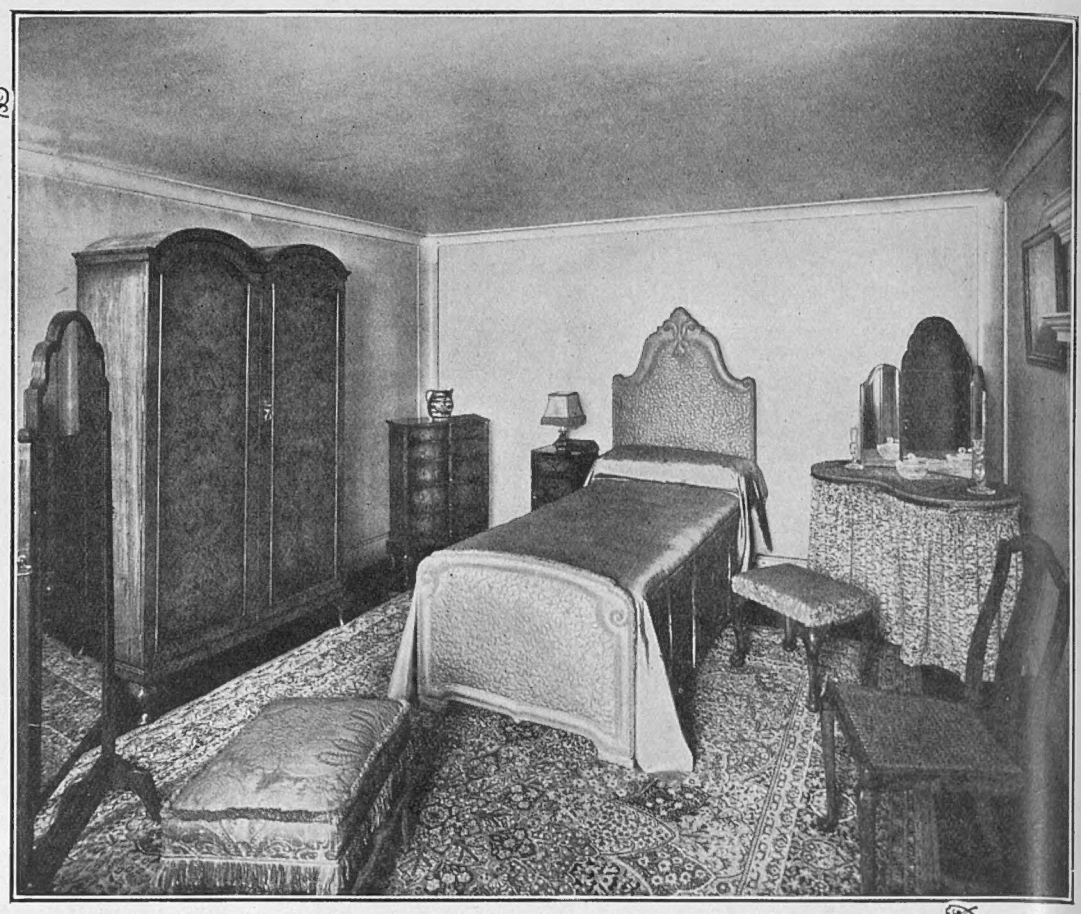

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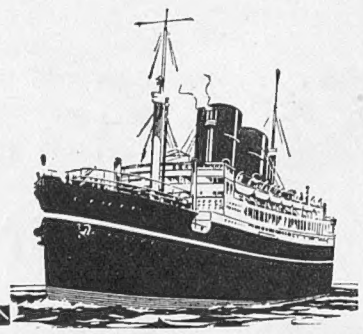

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THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, October 27, 1934

Howard Coster

IT'S A SMALL WORLD!

C. W. A. Scott—the Man Who Crossed it in Seventy-one Hours

At dawn last Saturday C. W. A. Scott and his co-pilot T. Campbell Black took off in their De Havilland Comet from Mildenhall Aerodrome, Suffolk, at the start of the Melbourne Centenary Air Race. At 5.33 a.m. (G.M.T.) on Tuesday they flashed past the winning post on Flemington racecourse far ahead of their nearest rivals and worthy victors in the greatest contest in the history of aviation. They had travelled night and day, with hardly a moment's sleep, across three Continents and accomplished a flight of 11,323 miles in 2 days 22 hours 58 minutes, thus shattering every previous record and setting a mark which may not be surpassed for many a day. Only eighty-five years ago the fastest clipper ships took at least three months to do the journey; in 1919 Sir Ross Smith took 27 days 20 hours; now Scott and Black have reached the Commonwealth in a "long week-end"—a feat which not only proves once again the skill, tirelessness, and daring of British pilots, but advertises to the world the excellence of British aircraft. Scott, who was born in London and is the son of a well-known musician, was formerly in the R.A.F. In 1932 he flew to Australia in under nine days, narrowly beating the time set up by Mollison the year before. (*See also pages* 134 *and* 135)

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

"IN THEIR FLOWING CUPS FRESHLY REMEMBER'D": Followers of the Blencathra Hounds toasting the memory of John Peel at their annual meet in the Cumberland village of Caldbeck, the burial-place of the famous foxhunter who died in 1854 and whose name is immortalized in the verses of John Woodcock Graves. *Right*—John Peel's great-great-grandson holding the fox killed after last week's meet

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, October 24, 1934.

THE GREAT AIR RACE.—

The thrill which was evoked by the assembly at Mildenhall of that great wealth of experience, courage, and determination, the cream of the flying world, concentrated our thoughts on the great undertaking with its risks and appalling strain, and entirely banished any desire to consider in cold logic whether the ultimate results of all that infinite planning to counteract natural forces and chances, and to lower the time record from England to Australia, are *really* of infinite service to humanity, to civilization, and to the Empire. Unlucky Mrs. Mollison jesting with the King, was carrying in her head a burden of detail almost superhuman. There lay before her and all the competitors a strain which men and women have seldom been called on to bear. It was natural that we should receive with pure and unquestioning delight the first reports of the triumphant progress of the fliers. Hops of 2,500 miles at 200 m.p.h. The mysterious city of Baghdad brought to our door. India for a week-end. Singapore and back in four days. Any advance? A knock-out bid from Scott and Black. *Australia in two days.* A record which will surely stand in our day. Courage, resolution, sheer will power, turning men into gods. Let us glorify these heroic men. But when the tumult and shouting dies, and the glorious courage has been acclaimed, and the prize money paid out, then one may perhaps ask oneself whether civilization stands to gain by bringing the other side of the world still closer to this. The vital benefit was, and remains, the telegraph. When it became possible to send and receive back messages to and from Australia in a few minutes, that indeed marked an extraordinary advance. But does it matter so much that an individual or a tangible object can reach Australia in less and less time. Are we so drunk with our continual progress that we are blind to the curse we are creating for our children? We are dooming them to the curse of a disease which is incurable, claustrophobia. The world to-day is the same size (in point of time-distances) as was the little island of Britain before 1830. Civilization to-morrow will be crowded together on a tiny atoll in a waste of space. Nothing will be hid. And that means claustrophobia which is allied to madness. And that madness cannot be cured until the nearer heavenly bodies can be employed to take our surplus population of claustrophobic patients who cannot endure the intolerable limits that contain them. It is an awful thought. It is not, I think, an utterly fantastic one. Anyway, only silly sheep are entirely guided by noisy barking, and I myself refuse to be entirely carried away by the enthusiasm for the means without thought of the end.

A DEATHLESS CHARGE: The heroic part played by the Scottish Regiments at Waterloo was re-enacted a few days ago on the Pentland slopes near Edinburgh, when the Scots Greys and the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders assisted in the making of one of the battle scenes in *The Iron Duke*—the new Gaumont-British film dealing with the life of Wellington

THE NEW GOD OF GERMANY.—

The Emperor William in the late War made many patronizing claims concerning what "that old God of ours" would do for Germany. Those claims were not all of them justified. Germany to-day has set up and worships a new God, and on paper he appears to be more omnipotent than any in mythology or religious history. The Christian conception of God does not visualize an absolutism so complete as that to which Hitler now aspires, according to a recent official exposition by Dr. Lammers, which was immediately confirmed by decree. The Christian conception of God visualizes a relationship between the Deity and humanity which contains in it the ideas of delegation of authority to angels and ministers, and of a binding form of contract between master and servants. Hitler's deity is more absolute. There is no delegation of authority, no contract between the master and the servants. The Reichstag is his washpot. Over Germany he has cast out his shoe, and every man-Hans must damn-well lick it. It is a life sentence. When Germany at the pistol point said "Yes" to Hitler as President-Chancellor, she did not realize she was having her mouth forced open to receive so stupendous a pill. Such is liberty as enjoyed in modern Germany, and it is small wonder if General Smuts—sanest, wisest, and most restrained of Imperial statesmen—made loss of liberty the text of a frank and passionate jeremiad. In all respects, save one, Hitler has gone one better than the Deity. He has yet to discover the secret of immortality. Therein burns a spark of hope for Germany and Europe. Certainly modern dictatorship is strong drink and soon turns the heads of ordinary mortals. Hitler, only a few years ago, was an ordinary mortal. It is difficult to realize it to-day. Nero was humble, Napoleon diffident, compared with him. I cannot subscribe to the view that it is no concern of her sister States what gods Germany worships or what form of government she possesses. The State of Germany reacts on Europe every day in every department of social and political life. And it is of the first importance that we should determine of what material the feet of her idols are composed. That is the view taken by General Smuts and a score of sane statesmen in our Empire and in Europe.

TWO-AND-TWENTY TALKERS.—

We have been flattering Mr. Hore-Belisha. We called him the first Transport Minister to cut the cackle and lay an experimental egg or two. We appear to have been premature. The vested interests of the road have once more proved too insistent for his nerve and a grand new Committee is announced to be called "The Road Safety Advisory Committee." It is to "explore the avenues" worn bare by the feet of countless predecessors. No vested interest is forgotten. Every one has been invited to the feast of talk; the horsemen and the footmen, the hikers and the bikers, the hauliers and the schoolmasters. If anyone seems to have been forgotten, it is the young gentleman in the béret and racing car. But Lord Howe is there to speak up for the legitimate racing interests and with him a galaxy of talent and experience of previous advisory committees on transport and safety. Oh Lord, how long? It is the traditional English way. A Committee to act as umbrella to cover the responsible Minister from the storms and showers of criticism! And to make that Committee really effective,

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HAPPENINGS ABROAD

GREETINGS THROUGH SPACE: *Left*—His Holiness the Pope broadcasting a speech of welcome from his library in the Vatican to the delegates who attended the Thirty-second Eucharistic Congress in Buenos Aires. *Right*—Listening-in to the Papal message at Palermo Park, Buenos Aires

SAVING THE EUROPEAN BISON FROM EXTINCTION: General Goering, the Prussian Prime Minister, recently opened a reserve for these rare animals in the Schorfheide district of Germany. On the left he is seen in the uniform of a State huntsman in which he attended the ceremony, and on the right is a striking bas-relief which he unveiled

EXILES: M. Dencas (left), ex-Minister of the Interior in Catalonia, and M. Badia, ex-police chief of Barcelona, seen at Perpignan, Southern France, where they have taken refuge since the collapse of the Spanish Revolution

A DRASTIC EXPEDIENT: Some of the 2,000 colliers of Pees, Hungary, who went on hunger strike and refused to leave the mine in which they had been working until their demands for an increase in wages had been satisfied. They remained underground 109 hours, and many were seriously ill when they were brought to the surface

Political, Social, and Personal

TO EXCHANGE VIEWS: Admiral Standley (U.S.A.), Mr. Matsudaira (Japanese Ambassador), Mr. Norman Davis (U.S.A.), and Rear-Admiral Yamamoto—four of the delegates who are taking part in the talks in London between Great Britain, Japan, and the United States, on the subject of naval armaments

THE KING AT CAMBRIDGE: His Majesty being helped on with his coat as he left for Sandringham after opening the University's new library

A DIPLOMAT HONOURED: Mr. Stanley Baldwin, Chancellor of Cambridge University, walking in the procession to the Senate House where the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon Mr. Robert Bingham (fifth from left), United States Ambassador in London. As a young man Mr. Bingham studied law at Louisville University, Kentucky

ORDEAL BY FIRE: An age-old ceremony took place a few days ago at a Thameside brewery when Herbert Gill, who had ended his five-years' apprenticeship, was initiated as a master cooper by being placed in a barrel of burning shavings

A RAPTUROUS WELCOME: General Smuts, South Africa's veteran soldier and statesman, riding through the streets of St. Andrews in a carriage drawn by undergraduates. He was afterwards installed as Lord Rector of the University

A FAMOUS SMILE: Maurice Chevalier seen as he arrived in London this week to attend the *première* of his new film, *The Merry Widow*

A FOREIGN NEWS SURVEY

BUILT FOR THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT: The *Chien She*, one of the largest dredging vessels in the world, seen before it was launched at Danzig recently

OF THE BLOOD ROYAL: The Count of Paris (son of the Duke of Guise, senior representative of the Bourbon-Orléans family and claimant to the French throne) with his wife and his three children, the youngest of whom was christened a few days ago at the Maison d'Anjou, near Brussels

THE HUMAN SIDE OF NATIONAL SOCIALISM: The Winter Relief Campaign in Germany is now in full swing and everything possible is being done to aid the unemployed. This youth, who blows a bugle as he drives through the suburbs of Berlin, is calling on people to bring out their old clothes for the needy

"FORC'D FROM THEIR HOMES TO CLIMES BEYOND THE WESTERN MAIN": A typical cattle ranch in the Rupanani district of British Guiana, where 20,000 refugees from Iraq, members of the harshly-treated Assyrian minority, are to be settled on the land

IN THE INTERESTS OF HYGIENE: The Rumanian Minister of Agriculture recently decided that the baskets used by the fruit vendors in Bucharest market had been in use too long to be sanitary, and ordered that they should all be burnt and that new baskets should be supplied free of charge. Hundreds of people crowded into the square to see the great bonfire

GOLD—THE GLOBE-TROTTER

A Metal We Take too Seriously

By Harry J. Greenwall

ALWAYS ON THE MOVE: Loading gold on to a boat train for shipment to America

ONE-THIRD of the total gold reserve of the world is at the moment of writing in the possession of the Bank of France. The price of gold in this country is fixed every day by a number of gentlemen sitting round a table in the City of London; it is they who decide what the B.B.C. announcer shall tell you at six p.m., towards the end of the First News Bulletin; but apart from the bald statement as to the price of fine gold, there is very little news about gold. All we everyday mortals know is that gold is something the British Government one Sunday night decided it would abandon as a standard, and then one night some months later President Roosevelt decided that he, too, would "go off gold." Yet a very considerable amount of the gold of the world is still in the vaults of the Federal Reserve Bank in New York; a lot more of it is also in the vaults of the Bank of England, but the greatest bulk of it is in vaults way down below street level near the Bourse in Paris.

Personally, I think we all take gold too seriously, like Einstein's theory concerning Time, and other intangible things. Gold has become a master, when it should by rights be a servant; gold, in other words, is an upstart.

Once upon a time when we were all adding noughts on to the sum we hoped to collect from Germany in the way of Reparations, Lord Riddell was Mr. Lloyd George's Press Officer in Paris. The Allies were adding up the noughts, and Lord Riddell used to meet the Press in the evening on the first floor of the Hotel Crillon and tell the Press what had happened during the day, or perhaps told it as much as he thought was good for it. One day there were a fearful lot of new noughts that Germany was going to pay (perhaps). I forget the exact sum, but for argument's sake we will call it three billions of marks for something or other.

THE REPORTERS jotted down the figure. "Does that mean gold?" queried a U.S. correspondent. "Of course not," exclaimed Lord Riddell, adding, as an afterthought: "all the gold in the world is in your country—and you can only use it to stop your teeth with."

Yes, those were the days when gold was a servant. When we used to carry sovereign purses, when in the vernacular a golden sovereign was "a quid," or a "Jimmy O'Goblin," a "thick 'un," and the half-sovereign (dear little fellow) was "half a bar." Those were the days.

Now what do we find? Gold, no longer in circular discs, with the head of a king, queen or president stamped upon its surface, but in sort of bricks or bars, carried about in boxes like dolls' coffins.

And gold, if you please, has become a globe-trotter; they hire special aeroplanes to convey the metal from Paris to Amsterdam, and from the Dutch city to London. And then, just think of the ocean traffic in gold. It is a wonder that these thick bars of gold have not, through sheer friction, been worn down into gold dust. Pampered little upstart.

I can just imagine a conversation between bars of gold, lowered into the ship, and then placed in locked vaults and closely guarded during the trans-atlantic journey.

"'Ere we go again; first time over, mate?" inquires a Cockney bit of gold out of the City. Shivers tremor the adjacent wooden box.

"*Pardon, m'sieu?*" says a languid voice, "I speak not very much the English, and I not like the *mal de mer, hein?*"

"French are yer?" mutters the Cockney, "why didn't yer say so?"

Then for the rest of the voyage over, the French bar has long conversations in French, spoken with a guttural accent, with a bar from Zurich. Great travellers, gold.

I happened to be in New York when the *Majestic* steamed in with the greatest cargo of gold ever brought over in one ship. It was winter time, and the "gold ship," as we called the *Majestic*, had had a stormy and a tragic journey over. Heavy seas killed a sailor, and carpenters from New York had to go out in the U.S. Government cutter to quarantine to do repairs to the damage done by storms. All this, and the news of the coming of the gold, raised a certain amount of excitement when the wireless news came sizzling in to New York.

I set out in the dawn in the Government cutter to meet the gold ship in. It was bitterly cold and foggy, and we all sat huddled up in the small, smoky cabin, while the beige-uniformed emigrant officials played poker. As badly as I felt, I was tremendously amused by the fact that all the officials on their way to the bay to check up on the foreigners seeking admission to the U.S.A. were themselves foreign to the extent that although born in the States they spoke the language of their country with decided accents, and their individual names sounded like the bubblings of a sodawater bottle. The only emigrants who needed no papers were the bars of gold.

A big guard of honour turned out to meet the gold as it was transferred from ship to shore. One can imagine the thrill of the gold that was landing for the first time, and the superior air of the bars and bricks whose third and fourth journey this was. They stood guard with drawn revolvers and loaded rifles while the boxes were placed in armoured trucks and driven away to the vaults of the Federal Reserve Bank.

Some few months pass, and the coming of stacks of gold drove down the value of the pound, and sent up the value of the dollar. Then one morning a stockbroker friend of mine telephoned me from his Wall Street office and said: "Have you been to the Federal Reserve Bank lately?"

Well, in point of fact I had never been inside that bank in my life, but I did not tell him that, and merely said: No, I had not been there lately. "Well, go as fast as you can, and you will see something to surprise you," he said.

I TOOK A TAXI, and when I reached the bank there was a crowd, and there was a line, like a bread line, in front of a number of pigeon-holes; but it was not a bread line, it was something almost as sinister; it was a gold line. People were waiting hours, taking their turn to obtain gold in exchange for paper. I watched this for some time, and then I went to my office and sent a cabled dispatch to a newspaper in London stating definitely that the U.S.A. would very shortly be going off the Gold Standard.

In a few days President Roosevelt did decide to abandon the Gold Standard, and the moment he chose to announce this fact was when Prime Minister MacDonald and ex-Premier Herriot were both in separate ships on the high seas, steaming towards the U.S.A. with Debt Funding propositions which were mere scraps of paper when the British and French delegations reached America. Little old upstart gold.

Up went the pound and franc, and down went the dollar, and all that gold I had seen shipped into the vaults of the Federal Reserve Bank began to be shipped back to Europe again.

Somebody told me recently that the French were either always in black or a bad temper, and by the same token the French take everything very seriously, especially money, and the only real money the French know is something with a metallic ring about it, gold for preference. One third of all the gold in the world, and still mounting up; every Thursday the Bank of France announces its figures, and every Thursday since ages there is an increase in the bulk of gold in the vaults.

One may visit these vaults and be conducted round cellar after cellar, and in each cellar there are little wooden boxes from floor to ceiling, and in each box there is gold; and yet, as Lord Riddell so wisely said, all it can be used for is to stop teeth. But the French are not risking anything tragic happening to their gold. I do not know—and I am perfectly serious—whether, if the flow of gold inwards continues, the present premises will be large enough to accommodate all the gold, but I can vouch for the fact that some very tremendous and secret plans have been made to protect France's gold against possible revolution or civil war this coming winter.

The location of the Bank, the narrow twisting streets in the vicinity, and other architectural disadvantages make a defence by infantry a very difficult matter. The plans for defence, therefore, have been laid most subtly. Apart from the complicated system of alarm bells and light signals, common to most big banks, the Bank of France, in this particular location, has installed a very elaborate plant for flooding the whole of the lower structure of the Bank. The Governors of the Bank, in conference with civil and military authorities, have decided that, should there be a repetition of last February's rioting, the vaults of the Bank of France will be immediately flooded with tons and tons of water; thus one of the ordinarily commonest of the world's elements—water—will be utilized to defend that very precious metal—gold.

WHEN the World Economic and Monetary Conference failed last year the "gold bloc" countries decided to hold a meeting in Paris to defend their interests against the countries who had abandoned gold. Theoretically their system of defence was very sound. They said, in effect: the gold of each and all of us—France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, and Italy—shall be at the service of any of us temporarily threatened by withdrawals of gold. The fly in the ointment, the nigger in the gold pile, is the word "temporarily." Naturally, if the drainage of gold was continuous, the nations lending each other the gold would themselves become in a parlous state for lack of gold coverage. The "gold bloc" decided that the Bank of International Settlements in Basle should become a sort of G.H.Q. of gold; to a layman like myself a seemingly very sound scheme; but, nevertheless, it has never quite come off.

I once went to visit this very remarkable bank in Basle. It is located in a former hotel near the railway station, and it is resplendent in gold—sorry, I mean gilt—and red velvet and plush and so forth. I am, as you may have remarked, of an inquiring turn of mind, and I wondered what would happen if I tried to cash a cheque, but I soon discovered that the Bank of International Settlements is the only bank in the world which does NOT cash cheques.

I quite shocked the staff by my request. People tip-toe about until one becomes nervous, and wonders where they keep the corpse.

While an official interviewed me in the Yellow Room, two bankers from Rumania awaited an audience in the Red Room. Every month Mr. Montagu Norman and other distinguished bankers go to Basle, and over a cup of tea on a Sunday afternoon they hold very hushed conversation. Then, if you watch very carefully, you will read about an airplane transporting gold somewhere or other, and little pampered bars of gold start across the Atlantic, either going or coming; it does not seem to matter very much which.

I have a friend in Hollywood who says it is all very confusing. I am rather inclined to agree with him.

SERICULTURE in JAPAN

A Factory where the Cheapest Silk Goods in the World are Produced

FEEDING TIME: Some of the tens of thousands of silkworms that provide the raw material for the manufacture of women's stockings, dressing gowns, scarves, and other articles with which Japan is capturing the markets of the world. The secret of her success is an amazingly low cost of production, rendered possible by the low standard of living obtaining in the country, and the reasonable freight charges made by the shipping companies

WEIGHING COCOONS: This girl has to be content with a wage of about 1s. 9d. a day, even less than many manual labourers in England get per hour

AT THE END OF THE DAY'S TOIL: Typical employees at the factory. Note the contrast between their sombre trousers and gaily coloured blouses

SILK BY THE MILE: When the cocoons are completed they are prepared for winding into thread. A number are set aside for breeding purposes

FROM FACTORY TO FIELD: At certain periods of the year, when silk production has been reduced, those girls who would otherwise be temporarily unemployed are given work by the Government on the rice plantations. They naturally derive considerable benefit from the open-air life

REELING INTO ONE CONTINUOUS THREAD: A delicate operation which requires the greatest care and skill. 2s. 10d. a day is the wage for this work

CLASSIC GRACE: Menaka, the beautiful Bengali Brahman dancer whom C. B. Cochran presented at the London Pavilion a few years ago. She is seen in these two pictures demonstrating some of the gestures which represent words and form a language that is said to be an almost perfect medium for emotional expression

A RITUAL DANCE OF SOUTHERN INDIA where the art of gesture is found in its completest form. This position means "South Wind"

PUNDIT SITA RAM MISR: A famous Indian teacher of hand control

THE GESTURE FOR PENANCE in the language of the West Coast Dance Drama

GESTURE

The Language of the Gods

By S. HARDING

"WHAT is needed is a great gesture!" The phrase survives, but in Europe gesture, in the literal sense of the word, has almost disappeared. Christendom, it is true, has the Sign of the Cross. The churches, the army, still have a few gestures; so have the traffic policemen and the motorist; and by the Mediterranean the hands are still an aid to conversation.

But the fact is that the body disguised in coat and trousers and hampered by the accessories of civilization is no longer a ductile medium of expression and in the West little remains of what was once an essential art.

In India, however, gesture in the ancient sense of the word exists in the little that survives of the great tradition of Indian *Natya* (dance and dance drama). The dance of the hands tells a story word by word, so to speak, in the precisely significant language of gesture—called in Sanskrit the language of the gods.

This gesture language is an almost perfect medium for emotional expression if the hands themselves are beautiful and, what is more important, if they are entirely suppled and controlled by years of practice under a good *guru* who knows well the qualities and defects which make and mar good movement.

In some parts of South India it survives as a language complete with all parts of speech and has approximately 500 distinct gestures. Some years ago the writer filmed a short discussion of the Simon Report in this silent language and showed it in Simla to the amusement of some members of the Viceroy's Council and others.

AS NO SINGLE TONGUE obtains all over India, so gesture too has its different dialects in the traditional schools of North and South. Most important in this respect are the two Southern schools which each have a complex and beautiful system of gesture. The classical dance of the North is impoverished in respect of gesture but the little that remains is very beautiful. It consists mainly of symbols of Sri Krishna and Radha; Radha carrying her waterpot or Sri Krishna playing his flute, raising Mt. Govardhan, killing Kalya, or in his lion form as Narasimha.

In the women's ritual dancing of the South, the deva-dasi-atem, which till a few years ago was used in the daily worship of all great temples of South-East India, gesture survives fully. But this extremely important type of dancing, the closest of all to the extant sastras, is itself in the final stage of decadence. The last great dancer of this school died of malignant small-pox at the early age of twenty-four, less than a year ago, just as the writer had hoped to get an adequate cinematographic and photographic record of the beautiful perfection of her art.

In both of the Southern schools of Indian gesture the alphabet consists of twenty-four positions of the single hands known as mudras or seals and the innumerable combinations of these mudras form the words of the gesture language.

The other Southern school, that of the dance drama, done by men professionals, is in no way less important and is gesturally even more complete. But all gestures rely more for their significance and effect on movement than on the beauty of any single position.

IT IS difficult to give an idea of these gestures except cinematographically or by a sequence of several pictures; but after all, even so simple a gesture as the Sign of the Cross does not lend itself to illustration by a single photograph unsupplemented by diagram. Many of the gestures of this school have their origin in sympathetic mimicry of natural forces and the internal evidence of their great antiquity is overwhelming.

In addition to the gestures of the great traditional schools of *Natya* there survive in India a number of Brahmanic mudras used in puja, mantric, tantric, and yogic mudras.

But even in India itself gesture is rapidly disappearing. There, too, the body is hampered increasingly by clothes: hat, coat, pants, will no doubt soon be the general rule. And there, too, the accessories of civilization—umbrellas, despatch cases, etc., etc.—are apt to cramp the style even in so slight a gesture of daily use as the raising of the hands in *anjali* salute to passing friends. And in these days, obsessed with its many social, political, and above all economic problems, modern India has little use for the subtle and difficult art which in the dance of the hands was once a quintessential part of Indian life.

"A great gesture is needed." In India too, no doubt, the phrase will outlive the art and be still current when the gestures with which men sought to propitiate the gods and persuade the forces of nature are long forgotten.

Stalking with a Camera in Kenya

EAST AFRICAN ANTELOPE: Beisa at a waterhole near the Eusso Nyiro River. These beautiful creatures stand nearly 4 ft. high, are tawny grey with white and black markings, and have unusually straight, long horns

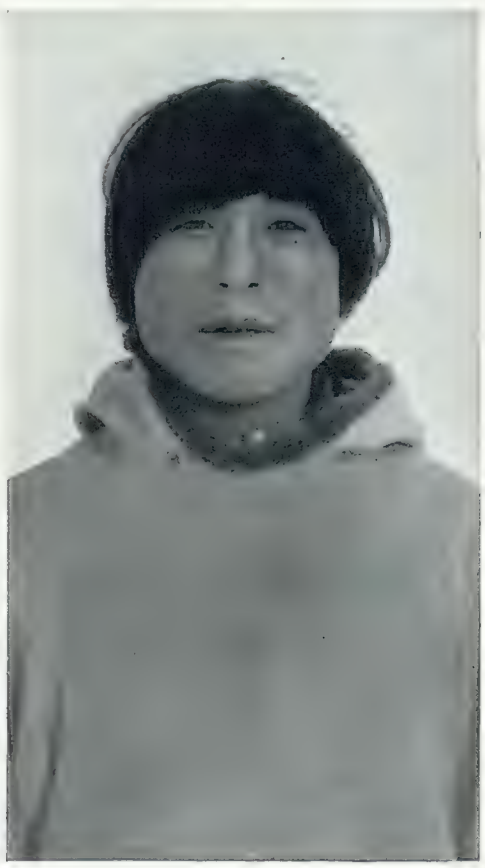
THE PERFECT POSE: This pala ram evidently scented danger as it stood for a moment on the alert before approaching its drinking place, thus providing the photographer with an excellent shot

THE FAVOURITE FOOD OF THE PLAIN-DWELLING LION: Zebra congregated in a partly dried-up river bed. Their stripes are much more clearly defined than those on the varieties found in the southern portion of the continent

THE NEW-RICH OF THE ARCTIC: Many of the Canadian Eskimos are to-day possessors of considerable wealth and with the development of the far-north they will probably become increasingly prosperous. This schooner with an auxiliary engine belongs to a family which made a small fortune in the fur trade

TAKING A DRINK FROM HIS THERMOS FLASK: Another picture which reveals how the Innuit are spending money on the products of civilization

COLD PROOF: A dress of ample proportions provides protection for this woman against the icy Arctic winds



AN INTELLIGENT TYPE: An Eskimo of the North West Territories

SAVING the ESKIMOS

Their Vital Importance to Canada

STATISTICS show that the Eskimo is growing less numerous. In 1927 there were 7,103 Eskimos. To-day there are 6,000. Government investigators have reported time after time that the Eskimo is essential to the development of the Arctic. So Canada is studying how its most northern citizens may be saved from becoming merely a memory.

Financial interests are putting millions of dollars in the development of the most northern part of the North American continent. The fur and mineral industries are annually moving farther north. Once the Arctic coastline of the mainland was thought to be the farthest north that commercial exploration could be carried. But the airplanes have changed this. Now the islands to the north of the mainland are considered commercially of value. And so the Eskimo comes into the picture, for he is the only known race able to stand the extremes of the Arctic climate. He will be a vital link in the exploration of the far North.

A card index, which is being completed for all the Eskimos living north of the Arctic Circle, not only identifies each one by name, tribe, and finger prints, but goes further, and describes what each Eskimo is most proficient in. One may have had experience in a fur post, another may have been a guide to a party of aerial prospectors, a third may be an exceptionally skilful hunter. All this information is tabulated, so that if some special work is going on the Government agents can quickly locate Eskimos best able to take part in the work.

The Eskimo of to-day is a different Eskimo from that of twenty years ago. Then the white man was a novelty, and whalers were about the only white men he knew. To-day the Eskimo is a fur hunter and trapper, some are even fur traders operating stores in competition with the great fur companies and independent white traders. To-day the Eskimo is wealthy in material goods, and many natives own motor-driven schooners, radios, phonographs, sewing machines, even electric light installations. The wealthier have gone in for frame houses, though snow houses in winter and skin tents in summer still serve most of the natives.

These adaptations of the white man are encouraged by the Government up to a point. Where our customs will do harm to the Eskimos, they are told the harmful effects. Store clothing, underwear, canned goods, and similar importations are not encouraged, as they have already been the cause of a great deal of sickness with which the natives were never bothered when they ate their fish and meat diets and wore fur clothing. Doctors and nurses located throughout the Northland are aiding in keeping the Eskimos healthy.

Trades are being taught the Eskimo, who is a handy type, and he is quick to learn. There are schools in some sections of the Northland, and the wealthier of the Eskimos send their sons South to the white man's school so that the coming generation will be able to cope better with the white man. The Eskimos have become great business men, have learned the value of their services, and the day when a penknife would buy a bale of furs is long past.

No records are available to show what the Eskimo population was before 1927. The big drop is accounted for largely by epidemics of influenza, said to be the results of the early contact of the Eskimo with the white man. Now that the Canadian Government has been teaching the natives what to adapt of the white man's civilization, and what to leave alone for health's sake, it is expected that there will be an increase in the Eskimo population in the next ten years, and that the Eskimo will not, like other races, vanish from the Northland, but will play a leading rôle in the building of cities and towns, mines and fishery stations in the Arctic. J. M.

NIGERIAN NATIVE SOLDIERS and POLICE

Maintainers of Law and Order in West Africa

A HAUSA TRIBESMAN in the uniform of a company sergeant-major of the Signal Corps of the Nigeria Regiment

A LANCE-CORPORAL: A typical member of the native police force of the Northern Province

THE EPITOME OF EFFICIENCY: A private of the Nigeria Regiment in full marching order. Note the sturdy sandals

THE PARADE GROUND MANNER: A gunner and a gun carrier in the new types of uniform which have recently been issued to them

The Nigeria Regiment forms part of the Royal West Africa Frontier Force. This force is administered by the Colonial Office, the European personnel being seconded from the army for a term of service covering about six years. Other units in the R.W.A.F.F. are the Gold Coast Regiment, the Sierra Leone Battalion, and the Gambia Company.

The regiment was organized in 1900 from the older forces of Constabulary maintained by the Royal Niger Company, Lagos Colony, and the Niger Coast Protectorate, and at present consists of six battalions of Infantry, a Light Battery, and a Signal Company. Regimental headquarters are at Kaduna, and other principal stations are Ibadan, Calabar, Kano, Zaria, Maidugari, and Sokoto. The regiment lives mainly in detachments of company strength and it is seldom that a complete battalion is seen on parade.

As the regiment is frequently called upon to serve in country infested with tsetse fly, and therefore not suitable for horse or mule transport, the guns are made in such a way that they can be quickly dismantled into loads small enough for head transport. About one minute is sufficient to assemble a gun and bring it into action.

The regiment has, of course, taken part in many local "shows," and during the Great War it assisted in the taking of Cameroons, and proceeded thereafter to East Africa. In recognition of war services, colours were awarded and presented in 1922. They bear the following honours—Ashanti 1873–1874, Ashanti 1900, Behobeho, Nyangao, East Africa 1916–1918, Duala, Garua, Banyo, Cameroons 1914–1916. The King conferred upon the force as a whole a further mark of his approval in 1928 when he became its commander-in-chief and the word "Royal" was added to its title.

The men are recruited mainly from the Hausa tribes.

MAJOR ONI ZEBU: A high police official who has risen from the ranks. He belongs to the Bini tribe of the Southern Province

EMBROIDERY THRO

Priceless Gems of Needlework which are Now Galleries, Edinburgh,

TREASURED HEIRLOOMS: The three valances in tent stitch seen on the wall are whom she visited at the time of Lord Huntly's rebellion in 1562. The chairs are

Lent by the Countess of Strathmore

THE DELICATE TRACERY OF THE ORIENT: An example of Chinese embroidery of the eighteenth century that has been in the possession of the Strathmore family for the past two hundred years

Lent by Sir William Burrell

AN ELIZABETHAN BODICE: At that time nearly every woman was an expert needle-worker, and when only a few years old children could often do the most complicated stitches which they practised on samplers

A RARE BURGUNDIAN TAPESTRY: This fifteenth-century hunting and hawking scene portrays. Of the three bed valances immediately below it, that in the centre repre and Ruthven. It was probably made on the occasion of the marriage of Colin

UGH THE AGES

on Exhibition at the Royal Scottish Academy in Aid of Charity

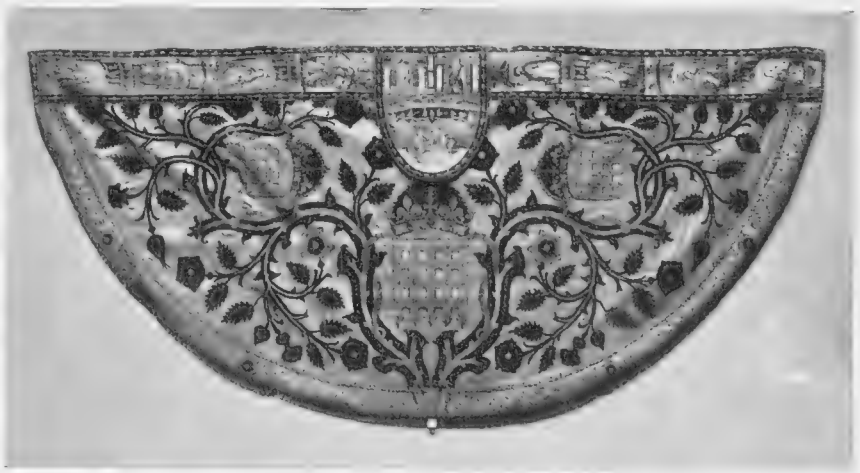
...posed to have been given by Mary Queen of Scots to an ancestor of Lord Forbes ... a set of twelve which the mother of the Duke of Wellington helped to design

Lent by the Hon. Mrs. Stirling, of Keir

THE HOOD OF A BISHOP'S COPE: This rare example of medieval Spanish work depicts the Annunciation to the Blessed Virgin Mary by the Angel Gabriel

is noteworthy for its wealth of detail and for the many diverse types of costume it sents the Expulsion from the Garden of Eden, and also bears the arms of Campbell Campbell, sixth Laird of Glenorchy, to the daughter of Lord Ruthven (*circa* 1550)

SIXTEENTH-CENTURY CAPS: They belong to a period when women delighted to bedizen themselves with ornaments, and when the art of the embroiderer was at its height in England



Lent by Stonyhurst College

THE STONYHURST COPE: The workmanship and beauty of this piece of embroidery have aroused the admiration of all who have visited the exhibition. It was made in Florence and formed part of Henry VII's bequest to Westminster Abbey

AFFAIRS OF STATE: The King giving instructions to one of his ministers in his study. He is absolute ruler of his country, making every decision of importance relating to internal and foreign affairs, and yet he always finds time to give interviews to his subjects if they need his help or advice. Note the telephone, an innovation in Arabia which at first met with violent opposition from the chiefs

In this land, since Saud has ruled, only the pure word of the Kor'an holds sway. All prohibitions of the Kor'an are strictly maintained; there is no more, or very little, music; no sumptuous dress; no alcohol, and even smoking in the streets is forbidden by law. Arabia has returned to its puritanical past, yet modernism is not absent for the King maintains control of everything by means of the telephone and the network of wireless stations which he has introduced.

The power that the King holds is the mightiest that has been given to o man for centuries in this Arabian peninsula of tribal feuds. And this power h been achieved by his boundless energy combined with the fortunate circumstan that his ideal is the traditional family one as Defender of the Faith, and Bearer the Banner of Mohammad el Wahab, one of the reformers of the eighteenth centur who rid the teachings of the Kor'an of latter-day accretions and pressed t

N SAUD: ARABIA'S DICTATOR KING

A Man of Boundless Energy—Life in his Closely Guarded Summer Palace at Taif

E ROCKY ROAD TO TAIF: Arabs ng up the radiator of their car from a skin of water. The sixty-five-mile ney from Mecca to the palace is easy for amel, but is extremely hard on vehicles

SCETICISM: A fine study of Abdullah der Rahman, the brother of Ibn Saud. On the left is his secretary

"EN FAMILLE": Ibn Saud posing for a photograph with four of his many children. He has married about 150 times but, as his religion only permits four wives, he has to be divorced before each new wedding. The King usually wears a simple Bedouin-mantle as he has a profound dislike for all forms of ostentation

fight against all forms of superstition. The object of the Wahabites is to unite all believers of Islam in the spirit of the pure word of the Koran.

Ibn Saud, as the grandson of a banished tribal prince, was brought up far from home. When twenty years of age he captured, by surprise, the capital of his fatherland, he had to combat superior power, but since then always has been successful in warding off attacks. So he has risen to be the greatest force in Arabia.

When recently the last of his independent neighbours, the Imam of Yemem, started a conflict over the territory of Asir (for many years under the protection of Ibn Saud) the King made a highly reasonable proposal; he suggested that Asir should be proclaimed neutral. This did not meet with the approval of the Imam, who went to war, was quickly defeated and rendered helpless.

Harald Lechenperg

RUSH HOUR IN THE GERMAN CAPITAL: A police officer holding up traffic for pedestrians

The World Toll of the Road

Berlin and Her Traffic Problem

The Fifth of a Series of Articles on Conditions Abroad

BERLIN is a great city. It has a population of 4,288,000 souls, and is, therefore, the third city of the world. Its area is 884 square kilometres, so that the density of the population is some 4,850 to the square kilometre. Its problems are in proportion, and one of the most urgent of these problems is traffic. It is a problem which has received intense study from the authorities concerned, involving a vast number of experiments in which probably every modern device and regulation known to the traffic management of great cities in Europe and America has been tried out, plus a number which are peculiar to Berlin itself.

Of all the European cities I know, Berlin, at least from the traffic point or view, offers the nearest comparison with London. For one thing, it is the only city in Europe which approaches London in size and population, and in the continuous, rather than spasmodic, density of its traffic; its four busiest traffic arteries—the Friedrichsstrasse (now partly a one-way street), the Leipzigerstrasse, the Leipzigerplatz, and the Potsdammerplatz—have their equivalent in the four busiest traffic arteries of London—any four busy traffic arteries of London—which they resemble in density and type of vehicle; and, finally, the Berliner is really not much more disciplined than the Londoner, though both give the impression of being more disciplined than the people of other great cities.

The figures, however, are all in Berlin's favour. London, in 1933, had a total of 130,297 road accidents, or 1,558·6 per 100,000 inhabitants; Berlin for the same period had a total of 23,820 accidents, or 567·4 per 100,000 inhabitants. London had 1,426 fatal accidents, or 17·1 per 100,000 inhabitants, against 318 and 7·6 for Berlin. London had 56,991 injured, or 681·7 per 100,000, and Berlin had 10,672 or 254·2 per 100,000. The total killed and injured for London was 58,417, or 698·8 per 100,000, as against Berlin with 10,990, being 261·8 per 100,000. The odd thing about it is that, in spite of these figures, one has a much stronger feeling of safety in the London streets than in the Berlin streets. For that matter, until I began to study the figures I always had the firm belief that London was the safest city in the world. There is nothing like statistics to temper national pride.

AND nothing is so obstinate as national pride—if that really is the sentiment behind it; for I still feel that London is a safer city than Berlin! Considered from the motorist's point of view, that can be explained, perhaps, by the fact of greater familiarity with London than with Berlin streets and regulations; but from the pedestrian's point of view, crossing the Leipzigerstrasse or the Potsdammerplatz is not very different from crossing the Strand or Piccadilly Circus, and I feel perfectly convinced that the chances of meeting my doom are much greater when I cross the Berlin than when I cross the London thoroughfares. Why is it? And if there is justification for that feeling, why do the figures conflict so violently with it? There is obviously some vital and peculiar aspect of the traffic question which escapes the statistics.

In any case, whatever the Berlin figures may be in relation to London, they remain a source of much anxiety to the authorities there. A small decrease in the number of accidents over the years 1931, 1932, and 1933, is offset by the fact that the number of vehicles in use shows also a decrease. I have not got the 1933–34 figures for vehicles; but working on the 1931 and 1932 figures these facts emerge: In 1931 there were 24,811 traffic accidents, involving 392 dead and 10,280 injured; the 1932 figures are respectively, 23,894; 366; and 10,924. The total number of motor vehicles in 1931 was 116,320, and the number in 1932 was 114,043. It is to be expected, therefore, that an increase in motor vehicles will mean a corresponding increase in the number of accidents; and that, apparently, is what has happened.

It was expected in Germany that, with the introduction of the finance bill in April 1933, by which all new light cars were exempted from tax, the number of cars in Berlin would be doubled. The increase, however, appears to have been small; and, although I have not been able to secure the figures, it is said to have brought with it an unwarrantable increase in the number of accidents.

THIS INCREASE in Berlin's accidents has resulted in greatly increased activity on the part of the traffic authorities. "The most important thing to do," said one of the inspectors, "is to keep a sharp lookout for careless users of the road, and to punish them. No amount of regulations seems able to make a discourteous driver courteous, or an incautious driver cautious." The police have, therefore, received special instructions to watch out for dangerous conduct on the part, especially, of lorry drivers and cyclists. In serious cases, the vehicles themselves are to be taken into custody, as it were, for one whole day, and summonses will be taken out against the offending drivers and cyclists.

Specially trained police have been placed on the streets with the sole object of detecting these offences, which, in the ordinary way, and with the ordinary regulations as background, are not easy to determine. In the first two weeks of this experiment 22 cars, 27 motor bicycles, and 299 bicycles were taken and held by the police for the full period of twenty-four hours, and summonses were issued against 968 car-drivers, 253 motor cyclists, and not less than 1,299 bicyclists. It should be remembered that these steps were taken against individuals who were using the road dangerously without, however, contravening any hard-and-fast law. It is stated that the wisdom of this police action is already showing itself in an increase in road caution and courtesy throughout Berlin.

Berlin was one of the first European cities to introduce the light-signalling system on a wide scale. It looks like being one of the first European cities to discard the system; for I was told by certain of the authorities that the system, when in wide use, really causes confusion, and slows down the traffic below the margin necessary for safety. It has therefore been decided gradually to withdraw the light signals, even from fairly busy centres, and, as far as possible, to leave the regulation of the traffic to the users of the roads themselves. I am not quite sure how far this new system is to go, or in exactly what way the users of the road are to be left to their own devices; but remembering the old system, where the traffic was stopped periodically at more or less regular intervals, I believe the greater freedom involved in the new system to be an improvement. It has also been decided to do away with the automatic regulation of light signals from a central station; and, where light signals have been retained, to leave their regulation to the discretion of traffic police.

IN THE principal nerve-centres of traffic, the old light-signalling system will continue to operate, though even here some important modifications may be expected. A light-signalling experiment is being tried out at Charlottenburg, where the system is operated by the road-users themselves, who, crossing rubber-covered contacts on the road surface, set in motion a very complicated system of relays, which immediately cause the necessary signals to be flashed along the route; these lights are regulated by the *density* of the traffic.

"All these new regulations and experiments," said one authority, "must naturally result in an improvement in traffic conditions. You can see it for yourself. If you remember Berlin five years ago, and compare it with to-day, you must agree that there is increased order, and that the traffic has been speeded up. That is important from the economic point of view. But I doubt if those regulations and experiments really lead to a notable reduction in the risks to human life. Even where our regulations have been designed with that object, the fact that they make things *easier* for the motorist, and, so to speak, absolve him from the need of taking as much care as used to be necessary, more or less neutralizes our efforts so far as the accident question is concerned. We hope, however, by a close study of the causes and conditions of accidents, to get gradually to the bottom of the question."

Here are some of the causes and conditions as shown by statistics: In 1932 there were, in Berlin, 23,894 road accidents, including 366 dead and 10,924 injured. Involved in these accidents were 12,417 private cars, 6,495 lorries, 294 tractors,

(Continued on p. 168)

"THE LIGHT THAT FAILED": A traffic signal suspended above a busy crossroads in Berlin. This system has not proved successful, and is to be gradually abolished

Stately Clippers of the Days of Sail

"THE CREST OF THE WAVE"

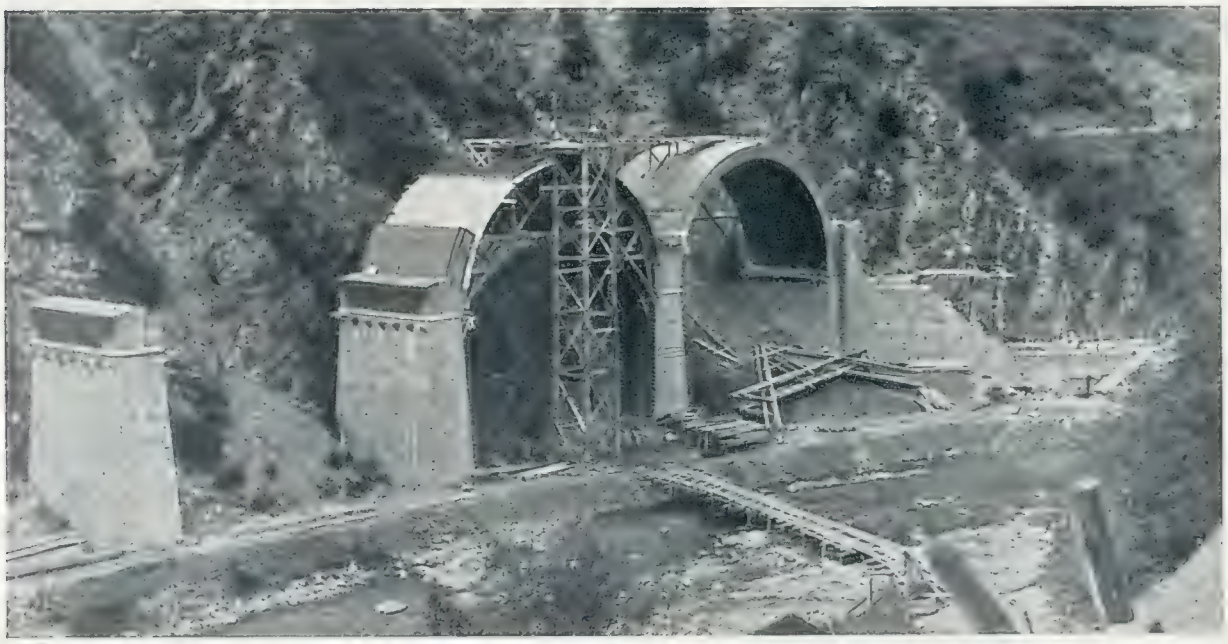
A delightful reproduction from a work by Montague Dawson which is now on exhibition at the galleries of Henry Graves and Co., Ltd., of Sloane Street, S.W.1. This artist, who has acquired a reputation for correctness of detail in technical matters relating to sailing ships, is one of the outstanding marine painters of to-day

"ROLLING OCEAN"

Another study by Montague Dawson which reveals him at his best. As a youth he spent much of his time in the company of C. Napier Hemy, R.A., who greatly influenced him

MUSSOLINI'S MIGHTY HIGHWAY

SPANNING THE TORRENT: One of the bridges that will carry the road, known as the Camionale, which is being constructed in order to provide a new link between the busy port of Genoa and the industrial towns of Northern Italy



IN THE VALLEY OF THE SCRIVIA: There is no space at this spot to make the road between the river and the precipitous hills, so a great viaduct is being built

Genoa, port of call of liners and cargo vessels from all parts of the world, has long had need of an adequate outlet towards the North. Signor Mussolini, with characteristic energy, is making this possible with the help of the unemployed. Where once was a road of turns and twists, where accidents were frequent and progress was slow, is now evolving a spacious highway on which commercial vehicles will be able to travel at speed and in safety. In the mountainous region between Serravalle Scrivia and Genoa vast bridges and viaducts are being built, and a road is being made which many account one of the wonders of modern Italy

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF GENOA: A signpost on a completed section of the Camionale

A RAMPART OF MASONRY which will protect the highway from floods when the River Scrivia rises above its normal level during the winter months

DRG 1934
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COPY OF THE ABOVE PICTURE WILL BE SENT POST FREE ON REQUEST FROM DEPT. S.P., DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD., ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.

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A Dressing-Room Snack before "Mr. Whittington" turns again

Miss Elsie Randolph and Mr. Jack Buchanan caught by the colour camera

What Other People are Doing

AMBASSADORIAL CONGRATULATIONS: Signor Grandi (left), the Italian Minister in London, shaking hands with Signor Gigli, the famous tenor, after the latter's recital at Queen's Hall

TO OFFICIATE AT THE ROYAL WEDDING: Archbishop Germanos who will marry the Duke of Kent to Princess Marina according to the rites of the Greek Orthodox Church. The service will be held at Buckingham Palace and will follow the Protestant ceremony at Westminster Abbey

HAILED AS A MUSICAL GENIUS: Guila Bustabo, whom Kreisler has declared will one day be the greatest violinist in the world. She could play quite difficult compositions at the age of three, and when she was six appeared in Chicago with a full symphony orchestra

"SOMETHING ATTEMPTED . . .": Mr. William Crocker (right) receiving from Mr. Neville Dixey, Chairman of Lloyd's, a silver model of a London County Council fire engine as a mark of appreciation of the services which he rendered last year in bringing to light the activities of the notorious gang of fire raisers led by Leopold Harris. On Thursday of last week there was a further development in the case, when two more men were arrested and charged with conspiring to defraud the insurance companies.
(See also page 168)

A DELAYED MARRIAGE: Mr. Nicolas Bentley, his bride, Miss Barbara Hastings, and her father, Sir Patrick Hastings, K.C., after the wedding at Chelsea Register Office on Wednesday of last week. Arrangements were originally made for the ceremony to take place on the Tuesday, but the bridegroom was unable to be present on that day owing to pressure of work

ENGLAND'S OLDEST BARONET: Colonel Sir Benjamin Bromhead who celebrated his ninety-sixth birthday on October 22

"PERSEVERANCE": This is the title of an entertaining burlesque of Gilbert and Sullivan opera in C. B. Cochran's *Streamline*—the successful revue at the Palace Theatre

IT is a mystery to me that *Richard of Bordeaux* a very good play indeed, should have run far longer than *Richard II*, a far better play dealing with the same theme, has ever run or is ever likely to run. The balance will possibly be restored in years to come; I venture the opinion that our great-grandchildren will be seeing *Richard II* (short runs, of course) when *Richard of Bordeaux*, for all its fine qualities, is as dead as last year's revues.

Beerbohm Tree made something of a commercial success at His Majesty's out of *Richard II* by putting it on splendiferously and by making, I remember, most of the play take place, for no apparent reason, at night, to the accompaniment of clever moonlight effects. At the Old Vic, where it has just been revived, splendour is not possible, in spite of relief from Entertainment Tax and the advantage of financial help from the outside on educational grounds. To see the play as well acted as this is an education and something much more pleasant into the bargain. The wave of semi-inaudible "naturalism" at this theatre, when eminent players nobly accepted minute salaries and spoke in minute voices to match, has passed. Here is a straightforward performance where straightforward is not synonymous with mediocre.

Mr. Maurice Evans, an admirable young actor, does not make Richard too damnably "lovable"; yet he does not allow his audience to forget (if any of them remembered) that this Richard in his youth rode out single-handed to meet and to quell a murderous mob. That is to say, he is not a study in the epicene but, rather, a sort of crowned Hamlet, a weak and indecisive person who talks too much. But what talk it is!

Mr. Abram Sofaer made Bolingbroke caddishly offensive instead of bluntly aggressive; but it was a good, intelligent performance. No one has yet succeeded in being other than colourless as the Queen, and Miss Nancy Hornsby, despite a charming attempt, was no exception. Miss Mary Newcombe, whose intelligent presence at the Old Vic is most welcome, made the Duchess of York a very real person.

The speed was on the fast side throughout; but the drama seemed thereby the more vivid and there was no gabbling.

"Immortal Garden."—The versatile Mr. H. C. G. Stevens led us up the spiritualistic garden path with grave tenderness in *Immortal Garden*, produced at the Whitehall Theatre, which, appropriately enough in this instance, is the theatre nearest to Westminster Abbey.

Plays which are full of ghosts or of people who are supposed to be dead and who are going to die, or who are not yet born, invariably blither me even when they charm me. Barrie's *Mary Rose* brings a constant lump to the throat and moisture to the eyes, though it would be difficult to say why; a close analysis of its situation and its motives reveals it as more than a bit of a muddle. Mr. Stevens's play is of the same *genus*, and a good specimen of it, for it is written with sincerity, an absence of pretentiousness, and, at times, much poetic beauty. Its only fault is that it is static and that it does not progress to any dramatic climax.

The best of these plays of the dead was Mr. Sutton Vane's *Outward Bound*, which had an impressive and awe-inspiring sense of anticipation during those tense moments preceding the Judgment, when the Examiner came on board that odd ship in the guise of a loquacious parson. *The Immortal Garden* has as its central figure an octogenarian general who begs for the strange occupation of conducting the souls of the dead to the next world, a Charon in a dinner-jacket with a garden instead of the river Styx. Victims of a motor smash, an Australian soldier killed in the War, and others ask to be shown over the garden, where there are touching reconciliations and even more touching partings.

Some of it, to me at least, was not quite clear, and the play being, naturally enough, almost wholly devoid of humour, the evening was a solemn one. But it was by no means wasted. The more subjects the theatre tackles the better for the theatre, and an attempt such as this to get off the beaten track, even if the process at times beats both the author and the audience, is to be commended.

Mr. C. V. France had an enormous task as the old general, for he rarely left the stage. He might have been the infernal old bore that octogenarian generals with spiritualistic bees in their bonnets (there are several specimens) are apt to be in real life; but he was not, and gave a beautiful performance.

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street."—Had it not been for the successful production of Mr. Rudolf Besier's play the film version of *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* would have meant about as little to the film public on either side of the Atlantic as *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* did to us. It is something of an achievement to have made an attractive film out of a story from which nearly all the accepted ingredients of filmdom are absent.

STARRING IN "HI-DIDDLE DIDDLE," Charlot's latest revue, which seems to have come to the Comedy (centre) as a Victorian roué. Right—Walter Crisham and June

SAND FILMS

Intelligent Acting in "Richard II" at the Old Vic: Charles Laughton's Interpretation of the Part of Edward Moulton Barrett

By PHILIP PAGE

My friend "Beachcomber's" daily record of Mr. Sol Hogwash's attempts to get "them Bronts" into a film about the Brontë sisters might so easily have been reproduced in sober earnest. It would not have been unamusing to see "them Barretts" as humble adjuncts to gladiatorial contests in the days of Nero or a fight between aeroplanes over Niagara Falls; but it would probably have killed Mr. Besier.

In the cinema one must have "glamour," at any rate on the distaff side. I do not picture Elizabeth Barrett Browning ("O lyric love, half-angel and half-bird") as a glamorous person in the Hollywood, or any other, sense. Miss Norma Shearer has glamour in plenty and is a good actress, and that, in the circumstances, is, as the poet said, "all we know and all we need to know."

The Edward Moulton Barrett of the film is the sadistic Victorian parent with the sadism and the sensuality uppermost. I cannot believe that this is anything like an historical portrait, nor do I suggest that it was intended to be. Whether the character seems like that because Mr. Charles Laughton plays it, or whether Mr. Laughton plays it because it seems like that, is a problem it may amuse some people to unravel. But surely the essence of this aspect of Victorianism was restraint—or, to put it on a lower basis, hypocrisy. The performance of Sir Cedric Hardwicke in the play was memorable because one could see Moulton Barrett fighting with himself. He had dignity and even pathos. This film-parent is flagrantly a monster. But Mr. Laughton is always interesting.

"Willie" Clarkson.—The late Willie Clarkson has been widely described as a Dickensian figure. He certainly was that. But I doubt whether any but a few of his most intimate friends knew that the association with Charles Dickens was rather a curious one.

I knew the little man pretty well for many years, and was once talking about Dickens to him. "Never read a line of him," said Willie. "But my father knew him, and Dickens put him into one of his books as Poll Sweedle-something-or-other. A barber fellow who kept birds. My father kept singing-birds, cages and cages of 'em. He was always terribly busy feeding 'em."

So Willie Clarkson was, in a literary sense, a son of Poll Sweedlepipe. If he had any literary pretensions himself or was a worshipper of Dickens, Willie might have invented for himself this imaginary distinction. But he had not, and I am convinced of the truth of this story of Dickens and Clarkson *père*.

"Willie" was a great first-nighter, and was going to first-nights before most of us were born. I see that some ingenious scribes refer to him as "Clarkie" and others as "Wiggy." He was never known as either, or as anything other than "Willie," though he had a pet dog called "Wiggy." You could never get him to express an adverse opinion on any play—a diplomatic and business-like attitude—and his invariable reply to questions was his formula, "Come-an'-'ave-a-cup-o'-tea"—i.e. a drink.

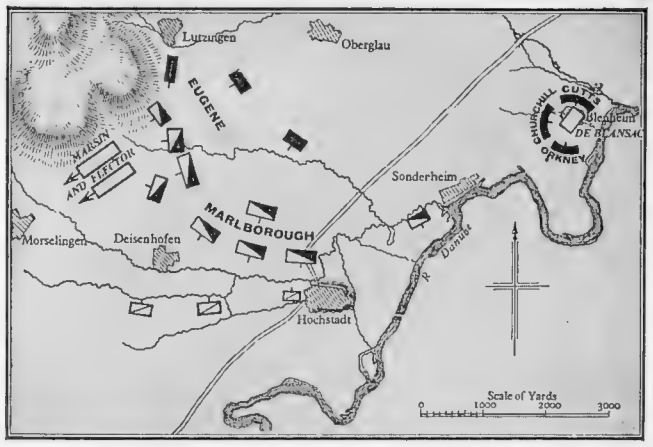
He was a most hospitable soul, and after a new play always kept cold supper for three or four in the flat above his shop for chance guests he had met at the theatre. I frequently had supper with him there and it was an odd experience. One groped one's way in the semi-darkness among terrifying masks, suits of armour, model animals, all in indescribable confusion—how Willie was ever able to find anything he wanted I cannot imagine, but he always did—until one reached the sitting-room. This was adorned with signed photographs of what Willie called "the Royals." The supper was excellent, but designed for theatrical effect; that is to say, although there was real food in plenty, the table was loaded with "property" pheasants, towering jellies, etc., and in a vast dish of fruit sham grapes and pears would be mingled with real ones.

London has not only lost a character by the passing of Willie Clarkson, but the stage a man who was supreme in the department he served. I shall miss his cheery philosophy, his comical lisp, and his fund of amusing reminiscences. I am glad that death came suddenly and that to the very end of his long life Willie was, in his own words, "terribly well."

Picture by A. Console

"IMMORTAL GARDEN": C. V. France (left) as the eighty-year-old General who has outlived all his friends but who finds happiness in carrying out the divinely appointed task of guiding people through his garden to the border-line between life and death. A scene from the mystical play by H. C. G. Stevens which was presented at the Whitehall Theatre last week. Second from the left is Yollande Terrell

...r a long stay. Left—Douglas Byng as "Lizzie, the Pre-War Flivver," and ...e sketch entitled "This is no Sin"



THE END OF THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM: A diagram from the second volume of Winston Churchill's *Life of Marlborough* which has just been published by George G. Harrap and Co., Ltd. It shows the positions taken up by the troops of General Churchill, Lord Cutts, and Lord Orkney round the village of Blenheim when they forced the surrender of the garrison comprising some of the finest infantry of France and its proudest regiments

The World of Books

Ian Colvin's Dramatic Life of Lord Carson : A Fleet Street Tragedy : A Brilliant and Disturbing Work on Modern Europe

By VERNON FANE

"When the late Edward Marjoribanks, upon a fatal impulse, laid down his pen and left this book unfinished, its subject stood upon the threshold of great events." So begins Mr. Ian Colvin in Volume II of THE LIFE OF LORD CARSON (Gollancz. 15s.).

And so it happens that Carson the lawyer was largely Mr. Marjoribanks' subject, while Carson the politician, the Carson who was planning open rebellion, who connived at gun-running, who was determined to smash the third Home Rule Bill, is the subject of Mr. Colvin's dramatic story.

Not the least exciting portion of this book is the revelation of the secret correspondence between Asquith and Carson. Asquith was being pressed to prosecute. What would Carson do? Asquith received the astonishing reply that he would plead guilty! But he would plead in such terms that Asquith exclaimed, "I was even wiser in not prosecuting you than I imagined."

But this volume is not all Ulster; there is an absorbing chapter on the Marconi case, and the emergence of a character, courageous, daring, brilliant, with, at one time, the destinies of an empire in his hands.

Mr. Winston Churchill writes nothing he does not adorn with the picturesqueness of born oratory. Volume II of MARLBOROUGH: HIS LIFE AND TIMES (Harrap. 25s.) maintains the brilliant standard of the first book and continues the study of his illustrious ancestor through the time when he was consolidating his and his country's position in the Councils of Europe. The book is exceptionally well documented and produced: a work of permanent value.

ROBERT DONALD by H. A. Taylor (Stanley Paul. 18s.) is the biography of a man of a type that has, alas, almost disappeared from Fleet Street. Certainly he was one of a remarkable dynasty of great Liberal editors, men with an unyielding devotion to their newspapers and, what was more important, the principles they upheld.

Sir Robert Donald was editor of the *Daily Chronicle* during the period when the Liberal Party was at the height of its power. He saw the birth of the first war-time Coalition; was intimately connected with the events which led to Asquith's downfall and Lloyd George's assumption of power.

The story of the vicissitudes of the *Daily Chronicle* is peculiarly personal to him: the ultimate tragedy must nearly have broken his heart, but by that time the face of Fleet Street had changed, editors were compelled to accept strange policies, and Robert Donald was free-lancing on his own. This biography is a fitting tribute to a man of whom his profession is justly proud.

The wrapper of CRISIS IN EUROPE (Selwyn and Blount) depicts a barrel of gunpowder with a shadowy figure with a naked light hovering dangerously near.

Which is a fairly accurate representation of the state in which the author, Mr. George Slocombe, finds Europe to-day.

Mr. Slocombe writes with the authority of one who has spent most of the years since the War as a foreign correspondent, interpreting affairs through every successive conference and crisis. His chapter on England and France is worthy of the attention of every thinking Englishman; while his conclusions on the Anglo–Franco–Italian situation will reveal a remarkable anticipation in the light of what has happened at Marseilles since this book was written.

A brilliant and disturbing book.

A good deal of what Mr. Slocombe has observed in the foregoing will find confirmation in EASTWARD FROM PARIS (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.). M. Edouard Herriot, whose book it is, is the cultured Socialist whom France has thrice elected Premier. Here is his own account (brilliantly translated by Phyllis Megroz) of his famous visit to Russia in July, 1933, in search, if you like, of an Eastern Locarno, taking Greece and Turkey on the way; a visit destined to pave the way for a reversal of French policy, and of a re-alignment of forces opposed to the trouble-makers across the Rhine.

Incidentally, here is an examination of the Russian scene through the eyes of a cultured and anything but bigoted observer. It is a valuable book.

BEAVERBROOK: THE STATESMAN AND THE MAN, by Edgar Middleton (Stanley Paul. 9s. 6d.), does not pretend to be anything but a study this side idolatry. There is a better book than this to be written about one of the most remarkable personalities that has ever dominated Fleet Street and the political scene. But as this is not the time in which it can or will be written, this book may furnish a good deal of material for the curious.

THE MODERN FOWLER, by J. Wentworth Day (Longmans. 16s.), is, without doubt, a standard work for all who are interested in the sport of wild-fowling. It contains, moreover, a complete guide to all the best wild-fowling resorts of to-day, and is amply and beautifully illustrated.

A LIBRARY REMINDER LIST

Each Month Mr. Vernon Fane is making a List, with Short Descriptions, of Books under Current Discussion, which the Editor hopes Readers will find Useful in Making their Library Selections

Fiction

THE TAKING OF THE GRY, by John Masefield (Heinemann). The Poet Laureate writes one of his favourite South American adventure stories; and very good it is, too.

THE TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE, by B. Traven (Chatto). Also an adventure story; almost *the* perfect one. Sort of novel you tell all your friends to read.

CAPTAIN NICHOLAS, by Hugh Walpole (Macmillan). A bad man who wreaks havoc with a comfortably respectable family. Good value for Walpole fans.

WOMEN MUST WORK, by Richard Aldington (Chatto). The story of Etta Morison who looked for "freedom," found it, and a lot of other things as well. Women will understand this book.

TASSELL GENTLE, by Pamela Frankau (John Lane). Begins with some very attractive children who really are children. A lot of literature, a little of life, an attractive heroine, and distinctly the best book the author has written so far.

CHANGE PARTNERS, by Sarah Salt (Gollancz). A tale of uneasy "moderns" and the kind of reality forced upon them by the younger generation. A courageous and disturbing book.

THE GUESTS ARRIVE, by Cecil Roberts (Hodder & Stoughton), is a delightful story of Cleopatra Longman who inherited an Adriatic island, and of the assortment of people who stayed with her. Good stuff in the best romantic tradition.

INTERLUDE FOR SALLY, by Beatrice Kean Seymour (Heinemann), continues the adventures of the attractive Sally Dunn of *Maids and Mistresses*. An interlude of a bohemian family trying to lead the rural life.

SEASON TICKET, by Margaret Iles (Gollancz). A group of seemingly ordinary people who travel to London every day by the same train. Vignettes of their lives make the pattern of this book. Beautifully written, with deep insight and compassion.

THE NEW CÆSAR, by Alfred Neumann (Hutchinson), a brilliant novelized study of Napoleon III. Very long; very thorough.

CATALAN CIRCUS, by Oliver Onions (Nicholson and Watson), about an artist who gets embroiled in political plots in the Pyrenees. A first-rate story.

THE DARK ISLAND, by V. Sackville West (Hogarth Press). About Shirin who, at sixteen, builds dreams around the island of Storn; how those dreams materialized through the progression of her life, at ten-year intervals, until she was forty-six. A novel which demands concentration.

A PIN TO SEE THE PEEPSHOW, by F. Tennyson Jesse (Heinemann). The author's first novel since *The Lacquer Lady*. Julia Almond is a tremendously live character: her tragedy one of Miss Jesse's best achievements. A novel you must read.

TENDER IS THE NIGHT, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (Chatto), is about a number of Riviera loungers; type now a little dated. But Mr. Fitzgerald can write.

MASTER SANGUINE, by Ivor Brown (Hamilton). A modern *Candide*. Brilliant satire; a book to keep you chuckling.

GOOD-BYE MR. CHIPS, by James Hilton (Hodder and Stoughton). A little gem of a book which everybody is talking about.

RESURRECTION, by William Gerhardi (Cassell). Gerhardi's best book since *Futility*.

MY SHADOW AS I PASS, by Sybil Bolitho (Secker). Beautiful, poignant, deeply moving account of a woman's courage in the face of a great loss. A novel not easily forgotten.

PECKOVER, by J. D. Beresford (Heinemann). The story of a man for whom the clock was put back. Diverting; good Beresford.

General

WAR MEMOIRS, by D. Lloyd George (Nicholson and Watson). Continuing Mr. Lloyd George's memoirs from his assumption of the Premiership up to the American entry into the War. Vigorous; vivid; exciting.

THE LETTERS AND JOURNALS OF REGINALD VISCOUNT ESHER, (Nicholson and Watson). Revealing an attractive and powerful personality; a courtier who worked behind the scenes. Another volume to come.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE, by Queen Marie of Rumania (Cassell). An English Princess with character and personality: the story of her life in and around the Courts of Europe. Another volume to come.

BALLETOMANIA, by Arnold Haskell (Gollancz), who calls it "the story of an obsession." Anyone who has enjoyed the Ballet will love this book.

EXPERIMENT IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by H. G. Wells (Gollancz). Book Society choice for two months running. Wells fans will find it thrilling—and who isn't a Wells fan?

PEACE WITH HONOUR, by A. A. Milne (Methuen). A terrific indictment of War which everyone should read and recommend to everyone else.

MY ENGLAND, by the Rt. Hon. George Lansbury (Selwyn and Blount). The "best-loved man of his party" tells us what he wants to do with your England and mine. Good reading.

TIME I WAS DEAD, by Cecil Aldin (Eyre and Spottiswoode). A racy autobiography by a famous artist full of good stories, colour, and lively anecdote, abundant sketches and illustrations. Good value.

THE MEMOIRS OF A BOOKMAN, by James Milne (John Murray), in which we meet all the interesting literary and artistic people of almost two decades.

INSIDE DOPE, by Ferdinand Tuohy (Hamish Hamilton). A fearless and valuable exposé of the international traffic in drugs. Challenging; vivid.

FIRST NIGHTS, by James Agate (Nicholson and Watson). A collection of Mr. Agate's critical articles on the contemporary theatre. A book to be read and re-read by anybody and everybody interested in the theatre.

PLAY PARADE, by Noel Coward (Heinemann). Coward selects what he thinks are his six best plays. "Debunks" his critics—and himself—in a lively introduction. A book to buy.

JESUS, by Edmond Fleg (Gollancz). The author of *Moses* tells the story of Jesus as narrated to him by the Wandering Jew. A brilliant and provocative piece of work.

MAXIMILIEN ROBESPIERRE, by R. Somerset Ward (Macmillan). Called "a study in deterioration." An acute analysis of Robespierre's character in psychological terms.

CHARLES II AND MADAME, by Cyril Hughes Hartmann (Heinemann). Embodying new letters recently come to light bearing on the relation between Charles and his sister, Henriette-Anne. Will upset the biographers of Charles.

FOX, by Christopher Hobhouse (Constable). An intensely readable biography of the meteoric Charles James Fox, best-loved and best-hated man of his generation.

BERLIOZ, by W. J. Turner (Dent). The first important study in English of a tremendously important figure in the world of music. A book for music lovers.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by John Cowper Powys (John Lane). "I have tried to write," says the author, "as if I were confessing to a priest, a philosopher, and a wise old woman . . . as if I were both God and the Devil." An astonishing, almost terrifying book.

THE MAJOR PLEASURES OF LIFE, selected and edited by Martin Armstrong. **THE MINOR PLEASURES OF LIFE,** selected and edited by Rose Macaulay; both published by Gollancz at 7s. 6d. each. Both delightful, companionable books to dip into now, to-morrow, and for years to come. Beautifully produced.

MOURNING A MARTYR

Scenes at the Funeral of King Alexander

MARCHE FUNÈBRE: Royal mourners following the hearse through the streets of Belgrade to the railway station where the coffin was placed on a special train and taken to Topola for burial. Walking in front with his mother can be seen young King Peter II, a pathetic figure in scouts uniform, and immediately behind are Prince Paul and Princess Paul of Yugoslavia. In the third group are King Carol of Rumania, the Duke of Kent, and Prince Cyril of Bulgaria

SORROW INCARNATE: King Peter II, Prince Arsene (his great-uncle), the Dowager Queen Marie, and Prince and Princess Paul waiting outside the white marble church at Topola, where the burial took place in the tomb of the Karageorgevitch Kings

IN SOLEMN STEP: Another picture of some of the many distinguished representatives of foreign powers who attended the funeral. Towards the left is General Goering, the Prussian Premier; in the centre is Marshal Pétain of France; and on the right are Admiral Sir William Fisher, General Sir Walter Braithwaite, and Air Vice-Marshal P. B. Joubert de la Ferté

THE RIDERLESS CHARGER: King Alexander's favourite horse which was led behind the hearse

A LAST TRIBUTE: Yugoslavian soldiers kneeling in the street as the cortège passed them. Belgrade has a population of about 300,000, but it is estimated that over half-a-million people crowded into the city for the funeral

THE WEEPING MULTITUDE: Seldom has such genuine grief been openly displayed at a Royal funeral, and all along the processional route poignant scenes such as this were to be observed. It will be many a day before Yugoslavia forgets her martyred monarch

VERITABLE LIFE-SAVERS

Deft Details that Add Distinction to a Limited Wardrobe

A hogskin belt in black or brown, with flexible metal straps across the back. Price 27s. 6d. at Marshall and Snelgrove

Here's something new and very chic. White kid gloves, with navy suède backs. Also in all black, black and grey, or fawn and brown. From Harrods

This is a season of blouses. Frivolous nothings made of net or gossamer lamé. Magnificent tunics in faille with metal stripes. And, ever popular and lastingly useful, classic tailored jumpers in washing satin. Of this type is the jumper sketched above. Made in silk satin, in all white, or in ivory, flesh, or beige, with many rows of darker toned stitching, it can be worn inside or outside the skirt, and it costs 39s. 6d. at Harrods of Knightsbridge.

By night, accessories sparkle—the more brightly the better. The bracelet at the foot of this page is of Radior, brilliantly silver, and the matching pochette is combined with black suède. These, too, come from Harrods, and the price of the set is 69s. 6d.

A Coollie coat that is enjoying a sensational triumph is seen in the centre of the page. Made of black coat-of-mail sequins it would do marvellous things to a frock of which one had grown tired. The cinema hat is of silver sequins—a beret with a coquettish veil.

Lastly there are the corsage flowers without which no one looks dressed these nights. Spikey dahlias in blackberry and amethyst and cyclamen, marvellously blended, they are some of the famous Mayfair flowers from Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, London, W., where the sequin coat and cap are to be found.

Hold this page up to the light and look through it.

CAINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

Turn over this page, and it shall look and light the through it.

time," said the Queen.

"Then it'll still be there for me to enjoy another

"Supposing you never do open it?" said Alice.

opening the bottle comes last of all."

it for another twenty minutes: and of course

good: I'm enjoying it now, and I shan't even drink

that bottle of Cainness. It has done me

"For instance, now," she went on, "there's

"There's one great advantage in living backwards," said the White Queen. "One's memory works both ways."

"What sort of things do you remember best?" Alice ventured to ask.

"Oh, things that happened in about half-an-

pont's time," the Queen replied in a careless tone.

CAINNESS

Through the Looking Glass

with apologies to

LEWIS CARROLL

BIG CATCHES— SMALL RETURNS

The Tragedy of the Yarmouth Herring Industry

LEAVING FOR THE FISHING GROUNDS: Trawlers steaming out to sea. They have been bringing in some enormous catches of late, thus swamping an already glutted market and still further lowering prices

DECEIVING SCENE: Business may look brisk but, when it is realized that the ruling price for herrings is about half the minimum necessary to run the vessels without loss, it is easy to understand why there is a crisis

ENFORCED IDLENESS: Some of the many trawlers which were prohibited from leaving port last Monday when an effort was made to restrict the overwhelming'y large supply of fish

GUTTING: Scottish lassies at work near the quayside

ALL SMILES: There are said to be at least 2,000 of these Scottish "herring gutters" at Yarmouth. They always appear to be cheerful, but this week many of them have been wondering how they are going to save sufficient money in order to pay their fares home

? ? ?: They are 20 a penny in Yarmouth, and 2d. or 3d. each in London

Yarmouth is a sad place these days. There are thousands of men and women there with the will to work but whose labours are often not even rewarded with a bare living wage. Each boat has been landing an average of about 100,000 fish, but it seems that there is now no real demand for the delectable and once popular herring. At the beginning of the season the fishermen fixed £1 per cran as their minimum selling price; to-day those who get even 10s. must account themselves fortunate. The result is that many of those engaged in the industry are saddled with an ever-mounting burden of debt, and a crisis has developed which can be overcome only when Britain recaptures her foreign markets and home consumption returns to somewhere near its old level

The Scenic Charm of Czechoslovakia

A Land that Deserves to be Better Known

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

OLD-WORLD PRAGUE: A view of the Czechoslovakian capital and the River Moldau

ONE of the newest of European lands, Czechoslovakia has a charm for the traveller which is not, perhaps, known so widely as it deserves. We are inclined to forget that the territories of which it is made up are lands of very great scenic charm, lands which, before the War, were visited by tourists in large numbers. Bohemia and Moravia in particular, which now, with Silesia, Slovakia, and Carpathian Ruthenia, form the Republic of Czechoslovakia, were always favourite lands for travel with British tourists, and the Carpathians were popular with those who wished for holidays somewhat off the beaten track.

Czechoslovakia embodies all of these attractive regions, and a great deal has been done by the Government of late to render them still more attractive; in fact, Czechoslovakia is endeavouring to make its tourist facilities equal to those of any other country in Europe, and the result may well be that it will enjoy a greatly increased volume of tourist traffic in the near future in which visitors from this country will largely share.

Few European countries have a greater diversity of landscape than Czechoslovakia. Fertile plains border gently-sloping hills, and these and the plains are covered with pleasant farms (arable and pasture), fine orchards, and leafy woods. Amongst higher and steeper hills are vast forests, where the scenery is extremely romantic; its charm is increased by the ruins of ancient castles, perched on seemingly inaccessible heights, and then there are lofty mountains, with snow-capped peaks and deep valleys between, adown which rivers rush to the plains, whilst peaceful lakes, scattered about this wild region, mirror in their smooth glassy surface a perfect picture of the panorama of rock, forest and cloud-spangled sky.

APART from scenic charms, there are those of the people of the country-side, for in many districts picturesque costumes are worn by the peasants who live in quaintly-painted cottages: to spend a Sunday, or a festival day, in some remote region of Czechoslovakia, and see these simple and contented folk at their best and brightest, and to hear them sing their harmonious old folk songs, is to enjoy a form of entertainment that is becoming all too rare.

A BOHEMIAN FORTRESS: Karlstein Castle which was built in 1348 by the Emperor Charles IV

Although Czechoslovakia is a collection of countries, it is made up of a population that is largely homogeneous, since just on 70 per cent. of its people are Slavonic, i.e. Czechs or Slovaks, and in the cities and towns Slavonic culture predominates, just as in the country districts the speech and customs are those of these two Slavonic races. The land is rich indeed in historical associations and monuments of the past. Prague (Praha), the capital, has a wealth of medieval architecture that is equalled by few other cities in Europe, and it has so many treasures of architecture of the Baroque period that it is laid down that those who wish to study the Baroque thoroughly must visit Prague. Bratislava, the capital of Slovakia, picturesquely situated on the Danube, has an old royal palace on the plateau of the Schlossberg, and a Gothic cathedral. Tabor was the cradle of the Hussite movement, and preserves numerous relics, architectural and otherwise, of those stirring times. Brno is dominated by the grim Castle of Spilberk, in which Austria used to imprison political offenders, notably Italian patriots, in the bad old Habsburg days; and the architecture of the larger towns generally is a fascinating mixture of simple chapels of Romanesque, old houses of Gothic, palaces of the old-time aristocracy in Renaissance, and splendid specimens of the Baroque.

Czechoslovakia has some of the foremost of the spas and mineral springs in Europe—Carlsbad, Marienbad, Franzensbad, Joachimstal, said to possess the strongest radio-active waters in the world, Pistany, Tatranská Lomnica, Strbské, Pleso, Stary Smokovec, and many others, with up-to-date facilities for sport and amusements, and as for its mountain resorts, it has developed a district in the centre of the magnificent Carpathian range, the High Tatras, and made this a wonderland of scenery, a paradise for tourists. Lake, forest, and mountain afford all the charms of an enjoyable summer holiday, and in the winter there are fine slopes for ski-ing, and winter and summer alike, splendid hostelries cater for all the needs of visitors. Wild mountain ranges, not far distant, shelter bear, chamois, ibex, and herds of wild boars, so that there is good sport with the gun to be had, and there are other mountains, the Giant Mountains of Bohemia, and the High Jeseníky and Beskydy mountains of Moravia-Silesia, where the scenery is grand, and there are glorious views.

THE industrial side of life in Czechoslovakia is highly developed. Plzen (Pilsen) is noted the world over for its great breweries, which produce the famous Pilsen beer, and there, too, are the great Skoda steel works; Carlsbad is the centre of the china clay industry, and in the textile regions of North Bohemia there is a combination of great industrial communities which marks one of the latest phases of modern industrial activity; so, also, the peculiarly interesting town of Zlin, in Moravia, where Thomas Bat'a, within a few years, has transformed a town of some 4,000 people into a great boot and shoe producing centre with a population of 25,000! The great glassworks of North Bohemia have been world-famed for generations, and hold their own still in all the markets of the world; and the cottage industries of Czechoslovakia produce fine hand-made lace, toys, and musical instruments.

THE GRANDEUR OF THE TATRA MOUNTAINS: On the slopes are found chamois, marmot, and deer

Hotels generally throughout Czechoslovakia are well-equipped and comfortable, the Czech cuisine is good and abundant, and prices everywhere are moderate. No visa is needed for a passport, and as for transport, trains from Ostend to Istanbul, and from Boulogne to Buckarest, cross Czechoslovakia three times weekly, and two trains a day run from Paris to Prague. In Czechoslovakia circular tour tickets are available, reduced return tickets are issued for fast and express trains, and there are big reductions for group travel. Finally, there are good roads for the motorist, a complete system of sign-marked paths for the hiker—and a hearty welcome everywhere for the visitor from this country.

SUNDAY BEST: Moravian peasant girls in their picturesque and beautifully embroidered national costumes

AT the SERVICE of our READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

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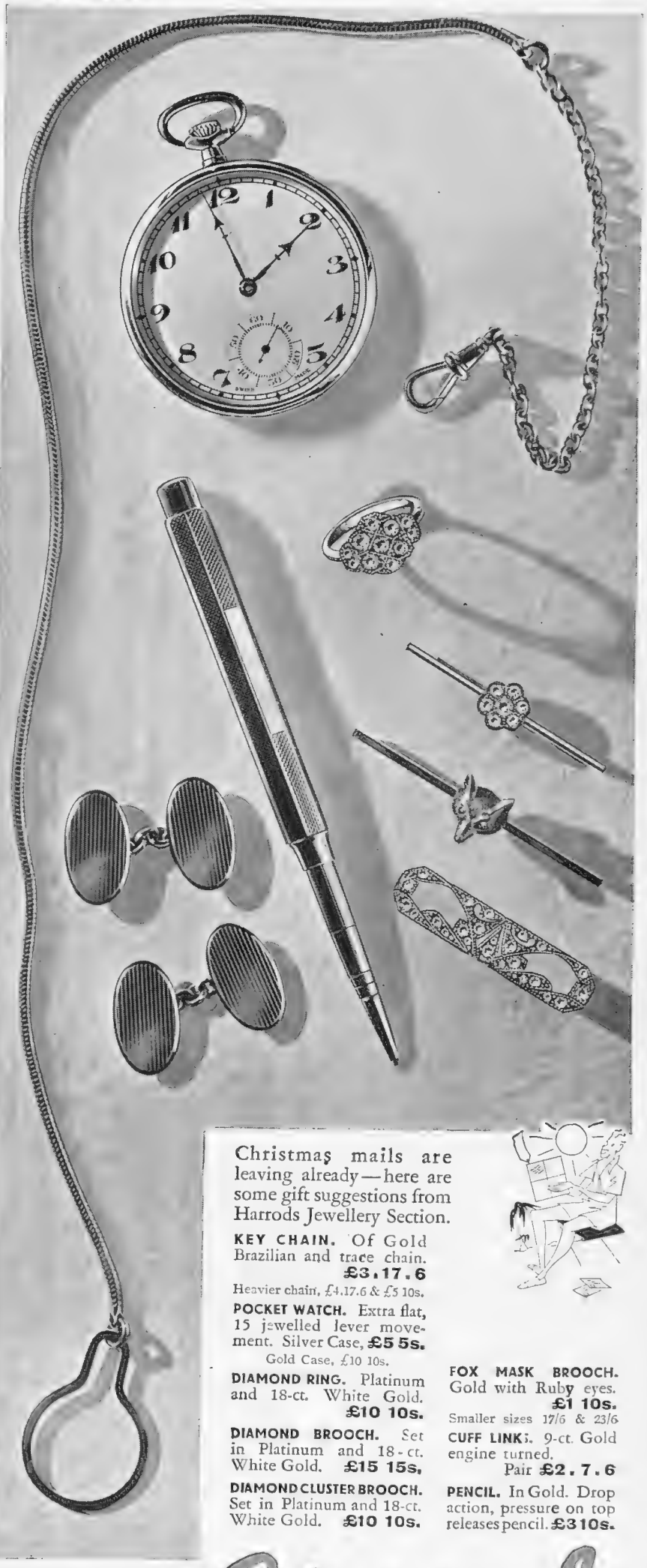

Christmas mails are leaving already—here are some gift suggestions from Harrods Jewellery Section.

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MRS. NORMAN FREUDENTHAL, who is deputy-chairman of the committee which is making arrangements for the Ivory Cross Ball to be held at Grosvenor House on November 6 to assist the Ivory Cross National Dental Aid Fund

The Duke and Duchess of York have given their patronage to this ball, and among those who have already accepted invitations and taken tables are: Mrs. Dickson Moyse (vice-chairman), the Countess of Brecknock, Sir William Crawford, the Hon. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid, Mrs. James Harris, Mrs. Percy Lawson-Johnston, Sir Harry and Lady McGowan, Mrs. Pat Martin, Mrs. Gordon Moore, the Hon. Mrs. F. Parsons, Miss Radcliffe Platt, Mrs. Nick Prinsep, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Railing, the Lord and Lady Remnant, Mrs. Washington Singer, and Mrs. Wesley Watson.

Douglas Byng is arranging the cabaret, which will consist of scenes from *Hi-Diddle Diddle*, and he will appear with June, John Tilley, Edward Cooper, Doris Hare, Walter Crisham, William Cavanagh, Pat Anslow Austin, Bertie Hare, and the chorus.

The Aston Clinton Disaster

In THE SPHERE of October 6, one of our correspondents, in discussing the recent air disaster at Aston Clinton, made references which indicated that the pilot was guilty of an error of judgment when flying through thick weather, and that it was questionable whether his machine was provided with special blind flying instruments. We are now informed that he was adequately equipped in the latter direction, and that at the time of the accident the 'plane was flying under, and not in, the clouds. We regret that the statements should have given pain to the dead pilot's friends and relatives, and take this opportunity of withdrawing any imputations on the dead pilot's capacity.

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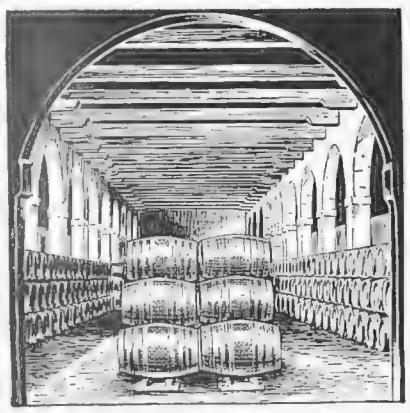

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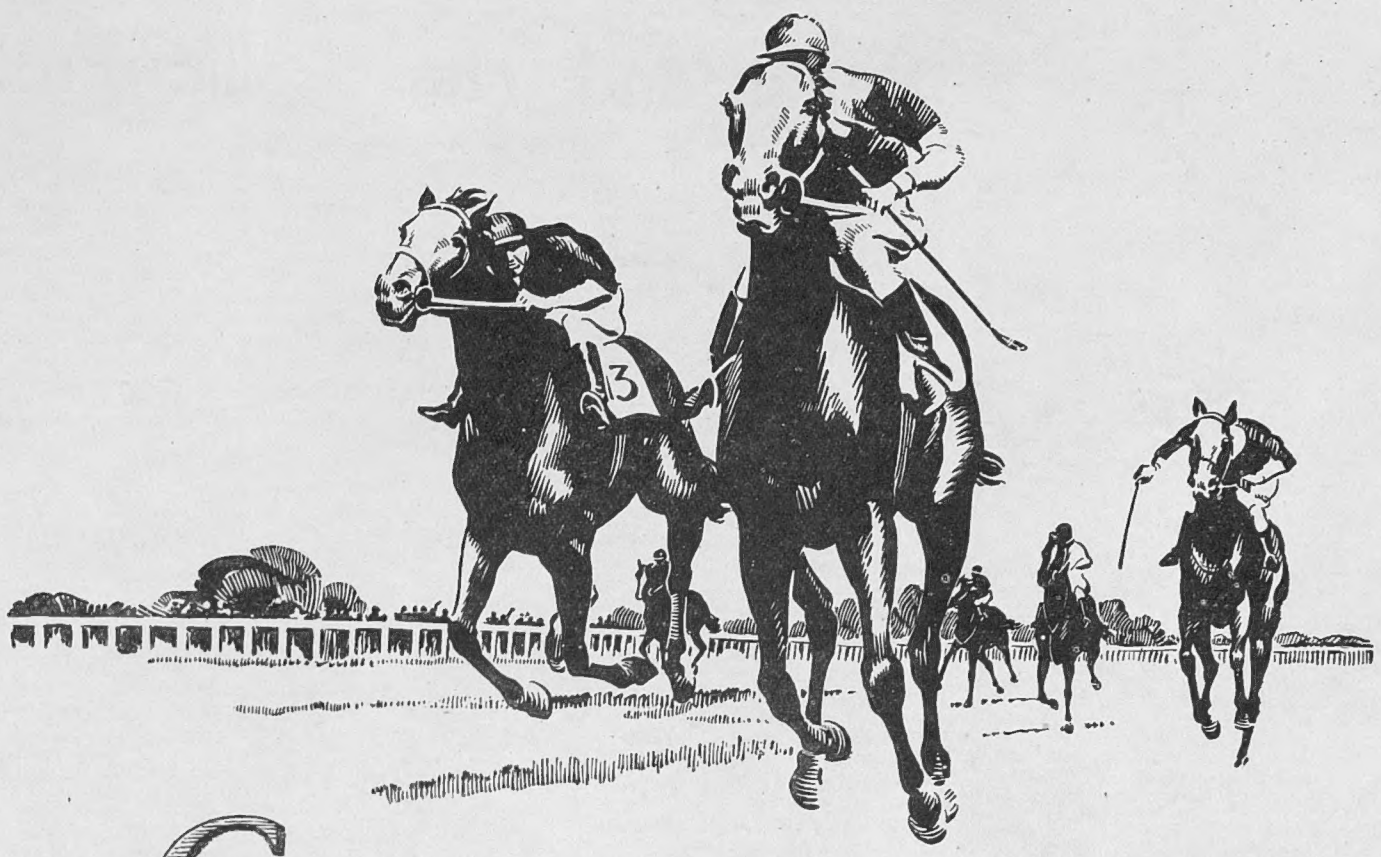

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We are certain that you would enjoy The SPORTING AND DRAMATIC—why not order it from your regular newsagent this week or get it at the bookstall on your way home? But we also invite you to read the sporting offer below. If you take advantage of it—as you should—we believe you will want to enjoy the SPORTING AND DRAMATIC every week; and of course, this is a paper you can pass on to friends living near to your home, and overseas.

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The Publisher, Sporting and Dramatic News, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

MRS. EDWARD BARON: This pleasing portrait by Simon Elwes was recently placed on exhibition at the Walker Galleries, Liverpool

4,356 taxis, 541 buses, 5,268 motor bicycles, 1,634 trams, 1,852 horse-drawn vehicles, 435 hand-cars, 9,354 bicycles, and 4,761 pedestrians. Most of the fatal accidents occurred in the months of May and June, the fewest in January. Sunday proved to be the worst day for motor accidents, and the most dangerous hour appears to have been from 4 to 5 p.m.; 325 accidents were due to technical defects, 266 to the condition of the road, 7,406 to faults of the drivers, and 1,948 to faults of the pedestrians.

Berlin and Her Traffic Problem

(*Continued from page* 150)

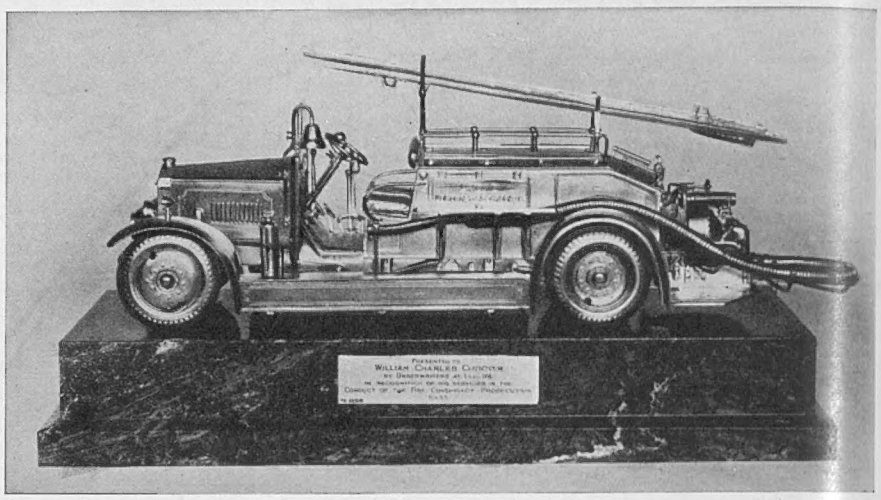
It is generally expected that the new traffic laws which, with one or two exceptions, came into force throughout the whole of the Reich from the first of this month, will result in an improvement in traffic conditions, and will reduce the risk of accident. The spirit of the law is summed up in paragraph 25, which reads: "It is beholden on all those who take any part in public traffic so to conduct themselves as to reduce the risk of damage and hindrance on the public ways to a minimum."

In general, the new law, which will apply to the whole Reich, abolishes the speed limit except in certain classes of heavy traffic. The motorist is forbidden to overtake before the car in front of him has signalled him forward. Right of precedence over other vehicles is given to transport cars and trams; and should one car wish to cross the direction being taken by another car, the second must be given precedence. Traffic on main roads has precedence over traffic coming in from tributary roads; and, of course, the army, the police, and the fire brigades have precedence over all others. These are but a few of a great many new departures in the German traffic laws, and it will not be possible to judge their effect for some considerable time.

In their campaign against road accidents the German authorities also place much importance on the question of road improvements. Although the statistics of 1932 attribute only 266 accidents to the condition of the roads, it is believed by certain of the experts that the roads have a very much larger influence upon the accident numbers than appears from the official records. It certainly looks as if the construction of a network of roads designed exclusively for motor traffic, and avoiding populous areas, will greatly relieve the density of traffic in towns, and, by so doing, proportionately reduce the risk of accident. Of these special roads, some 1,500 kilometres are in course of construction.

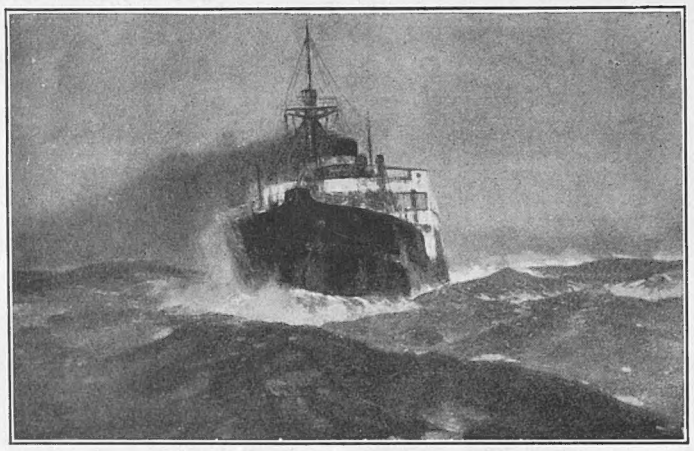
The whole question of roads is undergoing considerable revision in Germany, and some 63,500 kilometres of State and Provincial roads have recently been investigated with the object of classifying them and providing for their improvement. It was found that a very large percentage of these roads were quite inadequate to the demands of modern traffic, both in surface and width. Over 25 per cent. had a width of less than 4·5 metres; 46 per cent. had a width of from 4·5 to 5·5 metres; 24 per cent. a width of 5·5 to 6·5; and 3·7 per cent. a width of over 6·5 metres. It is expected that this question of roads will presently come under a single authority in the Reich. The total road mileage of Germany is 220,000 miles.

Roy Elston



ART OF THE SILVERSMITH: A detailed picture of the miniature fire engine which, as mentioned on page 155, was presented last week to Mr. William Crocker in recognition of his services in exposing the activities of Leopold Harris's fire-raising gang. The model was supplied by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., of 112, Regent Street

"RUGGED WEATHER"



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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

H., Yorks (Union Castle Line).—You will not find Cape Town too hot in December or January. Indeed the climate of the South African summer is ideal, and many people go there regularly to escape the English winter. As you only wish to stay a short time in Cape Town, you would profit by purchasing one of the Union Castle Line's special return tickets, which are being issued by four of their largest boats. The first sailing for which these tickets are available is that of the *Carnarvon Castle*, which leaves Southampton on November 30. This would give you from December 17 to January 4 in Cape Town. The return 2nd class fare in this way is £60.

N., Lancs (Italy).—Amalfi, on the Naples Riviera, faces due south and is most suitable for a winter resort. It is a charming little town, and the surrounding country is very pretty. There is little organized entertainment, but a very pleasant, quiet social life is led by the residents of the various hotels. We can recommend the Hotel Santa Caterina there, which charges from 29 lire per day.

D., Wilts (Austria).—There are several well-known winter sports resorts in Austria, two of the best known being Kitzbühel and St. Anton am Arlberg. The latter resort would probably suit you better as it is near the Swiss frontier. A small resort near St. Anton is Pettneu am Arlberg. Here the Hotel Zum Hirschen charges from 9 Austrian schillings per day. You would not find the journey tiring, as 3rd class sleepers are now available between Paris and Innsbruck. English people visiting Austria do not require a visa.

Hints for Travellers

A TRIP TO INDIA.

Amongst the most interesting of the longer tours advertised for the coming season are the two to India arranged by the P. & O. Steam Navigation Company, the Indian State Railways, Messrs Thos. Cook and Son, and the American Express Company. With four such well-known companies co-operating together these tours should prove the epitome of comfort and pleasure, enabling the traveller to see as much of India as possible within the time of his stay there, under the most pleasant circumstances. India is a land of great contrasts, and for those who seek variety and change there is no country so full of vivid colour. Its populous cities contain buildings designed by master architects of bygone days; to the lover of nature the charm of forest, mountain, valley, cultivated plain, and wild waste are never ending, and for the sportsman it provides opportunities such as few countries can offer. Parties will leave London in November and December by P. & O. liner, calling at Gibraltar, Marseilles, Port Said, and Aden on the voyage to Bombay. From there the parties will proceed to Gwalior or Mount Abu, and thence on to Agra, one of India's most romantic cities, for it contains that perfect achievement, the Taj Mahal. Next comes Jaipur, the pink city of Rajputana, almost untouched by Western influence, Delhi, Lahore, and on to the Khyber Pass. This great natural highway through the almost impregnable mountain barrier of the North-West Frontier is rich in historical association, and has from time immemorial been the route by which conquering hosts have passed into India. The route on to Calcutta lies through Lucknow and Benares, the latter reputed to be the oldest city in India. From Calcutta a trip will be made to Darjeeling, the hill station at the foot of the Himalayas, with its wonder panorama of surrounding mountain ranges.

At the Service of Our Readers

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

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Majorca.—Formentor Hotel.—Full board from 15/- per day upwards. Patronized by Royalty.

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Rome.—Hotel Palace-Ambassadeurs.—Near Pincio Gardens. Unrivalled for its luxury and comfort. Very special reduced rates.

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The Scots Guards was raised 1642 by 1st Marquis of Argyle under commission of Charles I. In 1660 regiment assigned to Charles II. Title altered to Third Guards in 1713 and to Scots Fusilier Guards in 1831. Original title of Scots Guards restored in 1877. "Nemo me impune lacessit" is the proud motto of the regiment which has earned renown in the great battles of the 18th century and onwards.

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